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THE MITCHELL-SMITH DRAW.

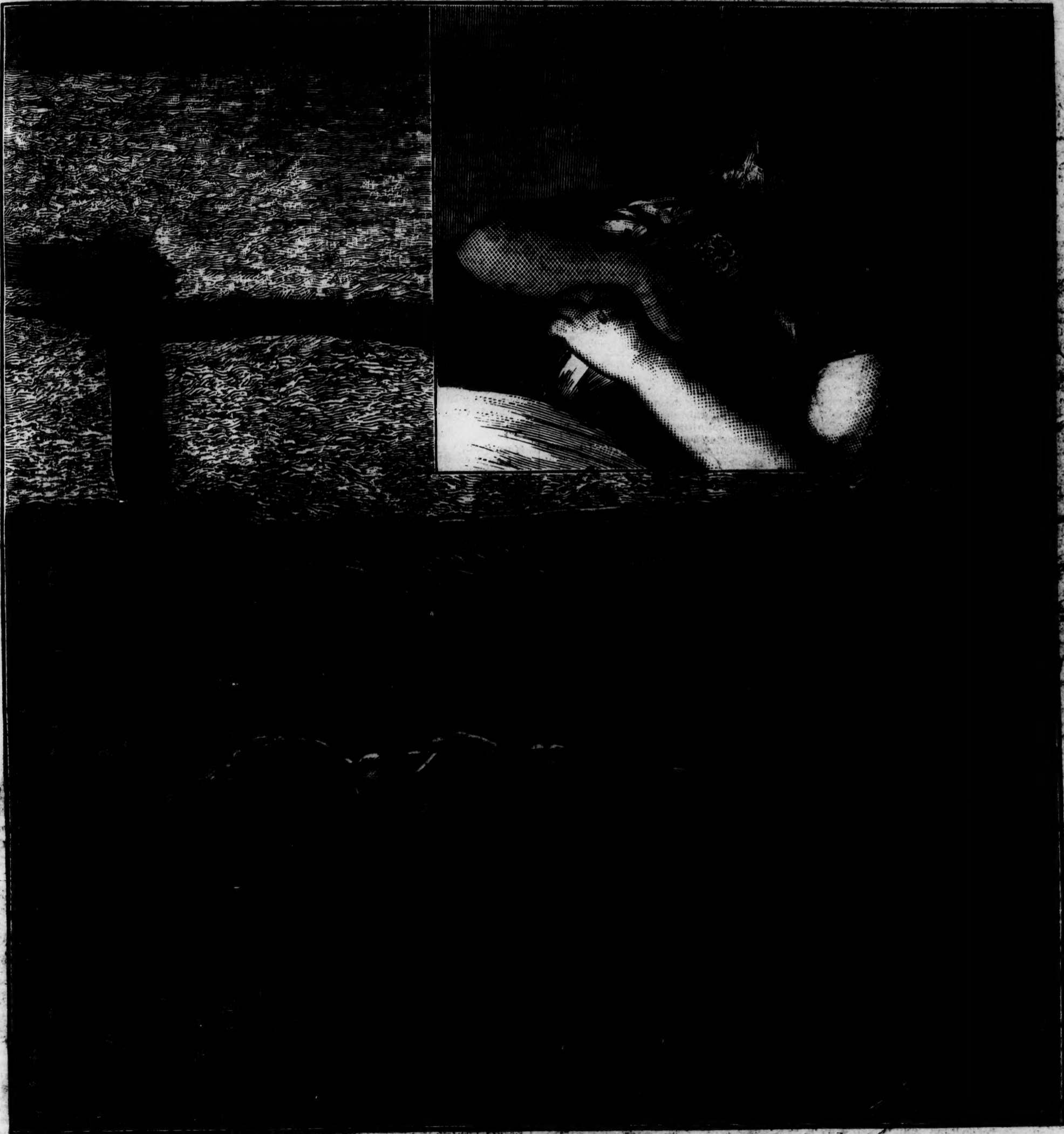
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE RAILWAY'S MYSTERY. THE LATEST ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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RAILWAY'S GORY RIDDLE.

THE BODY OF A CRUELY MURDERED AND UNKNOWN YOUNG WOMAN IS FOUND ON A DESOLATE HIGHWAY.

[as Photographs Taken Expressly for the "Police Gazette."]

Our regular correspondent at Douglas, March 19: Particulars have just been received of the robbery of United States Marshal N. Bush, of \$7,500, at Fort Huachuca. The marshal was en route to Fort Huachuca, where he was to have a dinner, leaving his valise in the rear of the coach, which stood a few steps from the entrance, and in plain view of the Major and his party. He sat at the table, and during the progress of the meal a stranger who had arrived at the station and was present when the stage arrived, entered the vehicle and seized the valise, just as the marshal was standing near and was off like the wind. The marshal's party sprang for their guns and fired several shots at the flying robber, but without effect. Mounting the stage horses, the robber fled, and the fugitive, who turned in his saddle at the station, fired several shots, which were returned by his party. The robber's horse, however, was not shot, and he rode to those on whom the paymaster's party was present, and he was soon lost to sight. Following the robbery, the valise was found, from which the robber had taken the money; also a pair of pants, evidently utilized by the fugitive as a disguise, and a small bag to carry his cash. The thief is known to be a man named Charles Parker, who has been seen on a ranch on the Choyeyne river. The balance in bill is \$250 in silver, the balance in bills is \$500. A reward of \$1,000 for the capture or return of the moher.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Eva Roy.

Eva Roy is the pretty young girl who Robt. E. Van Brunt is said to have attempted to seduce, while an officer in the Salvation Army holding meetings at Castle, N. Y. He became very jealous of her half-brother William, and in a fatal moment shot the latter in his father's house. He was tried and convicted for the murder and is sentenced to be hanged on the 15th day of April next. We print a portrait of Van Brunt on another page as he appeared as a Salvation warrior, when he was so well known as "Happy Bob."

SHOT IN A COURT-ROOM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. G. W. Randall, of Hastings, Neb., was arrested last Wednesday night for committing rape upon the person of Lora Hart, of Edgar, an eleven-year-old girl, who was placed under his care for treatment. The crime was committed one week ago, and a few days after the doctor was arraigned. Just after the examination had closed and Randall had been placed under \$5,000 bonds, the brother of the girl pulled out a revolver, and before any person was aware of his intention, shot Randall dead. He then turned and walked out of the court-room, no one attempting, not even the sheriff, who he passed on the stairway, to arrest him. Mrs. Randall, who the evidence showed had assisted her husband to ruin Ella Hart, was in jeopardy of her life, as threats of lynching were freely made after the shooting, and the probability is that if her husband had not been shot both would have been mobbed and very likely lynched. She was taken to her boarding house and fully 500 men followed with the determination of committing violence. A strong guard, however, protected the woman, who put on a suit of her husband's clothes, and, with an escort, made her escape.

She was taken to Grand Island in a carriage with a guard of twenty-five men. Hastings people threaten to mob her when she is brought back for trial. No effort will be made to prosecute young Hart for killing Dr. Randall. Mr. Hart, father of the girl, was in the court-room when the shooting was done, and immediately after Randall fell to the floor, he rushed up and kicked the body and satisfied himself that the man was dead.

TWO WOMEN FIGHT IN A PARLOR.

They Were Sisters and Agreed to Settle a Disputed Estate by Prize-Ring Rule.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The other morning a prize-fight took place in a front parlor on the second story of a house on Elizabeth avenue, Elizabeth, N. J. The contestants were both married women. One was short and slender, and turned the scales at 110 pounds. She had dark eyes and hair to match. Her antagonist tipped the beam at 140 pounds in her fighting clothes, and to call her hair anything but red would be doing the hair and the owner an injustice. She hailed from a neighboring village, while the little one is proud to say Elizabeth is her happy home. The mill was kept a profound secret from all except a few lady friends, who had volunteered to act as referee, seconds, bottle-holders, etc. But when another correspondent got wind of what was going on, and, at early dawn, took his position at the skylight. Shortly after 9 o'clock the two women came out, and their backs to the light, the big one was dressed in a dark gown, ornamented with buttons, and a dinner plate. Eight to one was offered on her by her friends, and was as quickly taken by the little one's backers.

A ring was formed by placing the parlor furniture in a circle, while a chalk mark on the carpet was used for the scratch. Time was called at 9:45, and the pugilists came up smiling.

They shook hands in regular John L. style and then placed themselves in fighting attitude. It was then very evident that the little one was the best as to science, judging from the way she held her left to guard her nose. After a few passes she got in a good one on the big one's potato trap, which drew the claret and sent her gracefully to the carpet. First blood and first knock-down claimed and allowed for the youngster.

Round second was short and sweet. It ended by the little one giving Redney one straight from the shoulder, which caused her to take a back seat outside the ring.

Round third ended by the big one getting another stinger in the left pepper, which caused her to go, as sporting men would say, to mother earth. By this

time every one who possessed a nickel wanted to bet it on the woman from Betsytown, but could find no takers.

The next ten rounds were simply a repetition of the first three, and when time was called for the fourteenth the girl with the dark-gray dress on could not come to time, and the little one was declared the winner.

After the battle a correspondent interviewed the defeated pugilist, who said:

"That little one and I are sisters, and our father died and left us some property, so we concluded it would be cheaper to settle the dispute with our fists rather than let the lawyers get hold of it, for then neither of us would get anything, and probably have to give them our notes for the balance, and," she added, as her eyes flashed fire, "I suppose you think and will say in your paper that I am whipped, but, young man, I want it distinctly understood I am not subdued."

THE HACK DID IT.

A Prospective Engagement That Has Been Indefinitely Postponed For Cause.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some weeks before the season of fairs had put an extinguisher upon the festivities of high life, a young gentleman, of this city made an engagement with a young lady for one of the brilliant entertainments that closed the ante-Lenten festivities. The young lady was both pretty and rich, and the young gentleman had spent the better part of several months in the effort to negotiate what he and all of his friends considered a brilliant matrimonial alliance. He was detained much longer than he expected, and getting back to town late on the afternoon of the day of the reception proceeded at once to order a carriage. But he was too late. Carriages happened to be very much in demand that evening. At last, when weary and despairing, he stumbled upon a battered equipage that was not engaged.

As the lady stepped into the carriage there was a sharp, grating sound, followed by a little feminine shriek, but upon inquiry he was assured that there was nothing wrong. As he put his foot on the step a loose board flew up and struck him in the face; a nail raked the snowy expanse of his shirt-front, and catching in the lapel of his coat, made havoc with that portion of his dress. It occurred to him then that the young lady had, perhaps, met with the same accident, but not knowing what to do he got in and said nothing. When they had almost reached their destination the young lady said: "I've a very bad headache and I don't think I care to go."

The gentleman instantly recognized the situation and assured her that he was equally indifferent. He called to the driver and the horses' heads were turned toward home. As they crossed the car track there was a sudden lurch and shiver, as if the entire vehicle were about to collapse, and in the attempt to stop the driver the gentleman leaned too far forward, slipped from the seat and discovered that the whole bottom had dropped out and his feet were on solid earth. There was no time to regain the seat: the only thing was to hold on by the strap at the side and run for it. Finally he got his head out of the window and vainly endeavored to acquaint the driver with the circumstances. The louder he called the faster went the horses, until breathless, exhausted, crushed, he found himself at the gate. He was about to assist the young lady to alight, when she said in chilling tones, "You needn't take the trouble to get out."

Thus they parted, and, to put it tersely, the "snap is off."

ELIZA WEATHERSBY.

[With Portrait.]

Mrs. Nat Goodwin, better known as Eliza Weathersby, who died last week, was known and admired by about everybody in the profession. She was born in London about 1845, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1865 at the Alexandria theatre, Bradford. Her first appearance in America occurred April 12, 1866, at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, in the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia." She ultimately became very much of a favorite among the burlesque actresses of this country, and traveled with various troupes over all the big circuits. On June 24, 1877, she became the wife of Mr. Goodwin, then barely twenty, and at least eight years his wife's junior. They traveled together at the head of several companies, making a great deal of money, and when her illness forced her to retire, Mr. Goodwin started alone. That she was a loving and a devoted wife everybody in the profession admitted. She leaves a sister, Jennie, an actress. Emmie Weathersby, who was also an actress, died in this city about three years ago, while Mr. Goodwin was playing at the Fourteenth street theatre.

A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A German lady of Bridgeport, Conn., named Mrs. Mettschner gave birth recently to a male infant which has an elephant's head and in place of a nose a short trunk. The mouth and lips protrude like those of an elephant. The child weighs about nine pounds and can be fed only with a spoon. The mother visited the circus winter quarters there during the past winter and was terribly frightened by the elephants. The parents succeeded in keeping the matter to themselves until now and very few have been permitted to see the child.

BOUND TO STAY.

The Suberb Bison, John L. Sullivan, Refuses to be Lassoed by Buck Taylor at Philadelphia.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The superb bison at the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, known as John L. Sullivan, broke his neck while fighting a wild boar for freedom. While wintering at the Philadelphia Zoo, the Wild West show lost almost all its popularity, and the time approached for the departure of the show. England Buffalo Bill began to look about for a new show. When he heard that Sullivan had broken his neck, he bought the bison for \$1,000. He was to be brought to London, and on Thursday next for London, and on Friday, Billy Bullock and Joe Esquire, the cowboy, with three big ponies, came over from New York to Philadelphia. The cowboys succeeded in capturing the Old Pete, and he was led with little difficulty on two horses to the stock yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad in West Philadelphia. Sullivan had a bad record for pugilism, and the party was glad to get rid of him. At 2 P.M. the attempt was made to capture Sullivan. The buffaloes were driven under a shed, and Buck Taylor, who was mounted on Chieftain, threw his noose and missed. The buffaloes then made a break, led by Sullivan. Bullock flung his noose over the horns of Sullivan, but he quickly shook it off. Taylor's noose then shot through the air and Sullivan came to a stand so suddenly as to almost lift Taylor off his horse. The bison then made a dash across the yard, and swung around a tree. While the other horsemen were hurrying to the assistance of Taylor, Sullivan made a furious pitch and broke the lariat. In an instant he rushed at Taylor, who made an attempt to turn his horse, but the bull swept down and, with a wild toss of his head, ripped open the right haunch of Chieftain with his sharp horn. The bull made another plunge, but the crowd gave a cry of alarm in time for Taylor to pull his horse away. A gate was opened and Taylor dashed ahead of Sullivan and escaped. Billy Bullock then made a dash for Sullivan, and the bull was about to plant his horns into his horse, when the cowboys were told to come out of the yard, and Sullivan was left master of the field. Dr. Huldecker, Dean of the veterinary school at the University, was in the crowd, and he was soon by the side of Buck Taylor's horse. The horn had opened an artery and torn muscles and flesh. A stream of blood poured from the wound.

Sullivan had to be captured, and Buck Taylor mounted "Sirens" to return to the attack, when Agent O'Donnell, of the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals, stopped him, saying that he would not allow the other horses to return to the yard, as Sullivan was a mad beast of wonderful power, and would kill them.

"I don't want to break your laws," said Buck, "but we must take that buffalo, and I hope you won't object to us going in on foot."

No objection was made, and the cowboys went to work. Taylor swung his noose around the big bull's neck, and Esquire threw his under the fore foot. When it was drawn tight the cowboys thought they had their buffalo, but Sullivan snapped the lariat, and dashed around one side of the tree, while the cowboys ran the other way. They yelled for a rope, and "Weasel Bill" Loomis bravely ran into the arena with a thick rope. Esquire, after several attempts, put the noose over the horns of Sullivan, and he madly plunged. Again he broke loose, and again was entangled by the horns and made fast. The cowboys had just left the yard, and were preparing to lash two horses together to take Sullivan to the train, when the bull grew fierce in his endeavors to free himself. With a wild plunge his fore feet caught the rope, and Sullivan dropped on his left shoulder blade. Buck Taylor thought the bull was choking, and with Dr. Huldecker and the other cowboys jumped into the buffalo yard. The noose around the neck was loose, but Sullivan was gasping his last breath. There was intense excitement, and the men began to blow into the nostrils of the fallen champion. It was of no avail. Sullivan would not go to England: he was dead. The poor beast in his fight for liberty had broken his neck.

ASSAULT ON A YOUNG GIRL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Louisa Van Winkle, a pretty twelve-year-old girl, is lying at her father's house in Granton, a small village on the Northern Railroad in the upper part of Hudson county, N. Y., in a critical condition, from the effects of a brutal assault committed upon her Saturday week last by five young ruffians. Philip Van Winkle, the girl's father, is a machinist employed in the railroad shops at New Durham. His wife died about a year ago. Besides Louisa, he has a daughter Emma, aged seventeen years, who keeps house for him.

Just before dark Saturday night Louisa started to a neighboring store to make some purchases. A path runs across lots from the Van Winkle house to the store, and as Louisa was walking leisurely through this short cut she was confronted by five men, who dragged her into the woods near by, where, she says, they outrageously assaulted her. The ruffians were frightened off by Miss Minnie Chasmer, a pretty young telegraph operator employed at the Granton station, who was on her way to her home in Guttenburg. She recognized four of the five men, and Justice Van Gelder issued warrants for their arrest. They are James McGrogan, Albert Smith, Robert Montgomery and Andrew Hohner, all tough characters of Granton. The fifth man, Miss Chasmer says, she never saw before.

Miss Chasmer carried little Miss Van Winkle to her home, and a physician was summoned. Her condition is serious. Search is being made for her assailants.

BLOODY STREET AFFRAY.

A special from Little Rock, Ark., March 21, says: A terrible affray, which will probably result in the death of two persons, took place yesterday in Van Buren County, at a little hamlet known as Eglantine. A well-known citizen named K. J. Bradford became involved in a dispute with the Tackett brothers about some trifling matter, when one of the Tacketts drew a knife. Bradford was unarmed and attempted to move away, whereupon the other brother came forward, Bradford suddenly picked up a large horseshoe, and with it attacked the elder Tackett. His first blow severed his opponent's nose, and the second forced his eyes from their sockets, raking his face with fatal effect. Meanwhile the other brother closed in on Bradford and cut him a number of times, it is said, with fatal effect. One of the Tacketts escaped and the other two men fell in their tracks. The tragedy which is one of the bloodiest on record in the county, occurred in the presence of a number of people but was so sudden and desperate that there was no interference.

THE LAST COACH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere we illustrate a characteristic scene—the last coach leaving Cheyenne for the Black Hills. The completion of the Cheyenne and Northern Railway to a point fifteen miles beyond Chugwater, or seventy-five miles from Cheyenne, has shortened the old Cheyenne and Black Hills stage route by exactly that distance: and ere the end of another year that historic line will probably be abbreviated out of existence altogether. Hundreds of people gathered in front of the Inter-Ocean Hotel at Cheyenne, on the 19th ult., to "see off" the last coach, on the box of which sat George Lathrop, one of the oldest stage drivers in the West. He held the ribbons of the six horses, than which no finer were ever headed towards the gold fields of the Black Hills.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Detective Kief.

Above appears the portrait of Detective Kief, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is attached to the celebrated First precinct, where there is so much work for a clever crook catcher. Officer Kief's splendid record shows that he has taken advantage of his position and run to earth a very large number of crooked people who have attempted to queer his hunting grounds.

G. W. Mitchell.

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of this clever young performer, who used to support Edwin Forrest and Joe Jefferson, and who is now playing in "Shadowed Crimes" with great success.

John McKinsey.

Considerable excitement was caused a week ago by the shooting of John Higgins, a well-to-do farmer, living near Eureka, Iowa. He had a growl over some land with John McKinsey, who, in a fit of passion, pulled his revolver and shot Higgins in the brain. Both men are well known at Eureka and Corns.

"Gus" Raymond.

The Boston police, we understand, are after "Gus" Raymond, one of the finest professional crooks in the world. We give in all good nature a tip to the faithful Boston police officials. The said Raymond was cleverly captured by the skillful crook catcher, Marshal Frederick Bernhard, for burglary on the German steamship "Allen," and has since been convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. His present address is the State Prison, Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Babcock and Daughter.

It is alleged that during Mr. F. L. Babcock's temporary absence from his home at Bronson, Mich., that his entire family skipped off with Will Hill, including quite a bundle which the hard-working farmer had on hand in his house at the time. Will Hill was a farm-hand on the farm, and is said to have made love to Babcock's oldest daughter, whose picture we print elsewhere in this issue. It is not often that a young man has nerve to elope with his employer's daughter, his intended mother-in-law, household goods, bundle and a few small children thrown in. Mr. William Hill, if the story be true, is no common, every-day young man, if you please.

Charlie Roberts.

At Milletus Church, Crutchfield prairie, Omega township, Ill., March 9, a melee occurred, participated in by the Combs, Roberts and Hanks families, in which Charlie Roberts was severely wounded, and Austin Hanks received a shot which caused his death. From the evidence, the circumstances seem to have been about as follows:

Preparations were being made at the church for a school exhibition in the evening. Charlie Roberts, Miss Nora Graves, Miss Addie Potter and others were helping in the preparations. During their temporary absence some one committed disgraceful decorations. The news was carried to Mrs. Austin Hanks that "Miss Graves said she did that." Mrs. Hanks came down to the church, and a quarrel and fight ensued between the two ladies. This led Hanks to take his wife's part and Roberts to espouse the cause of the girl, and resulted in a quarrel between the two men.

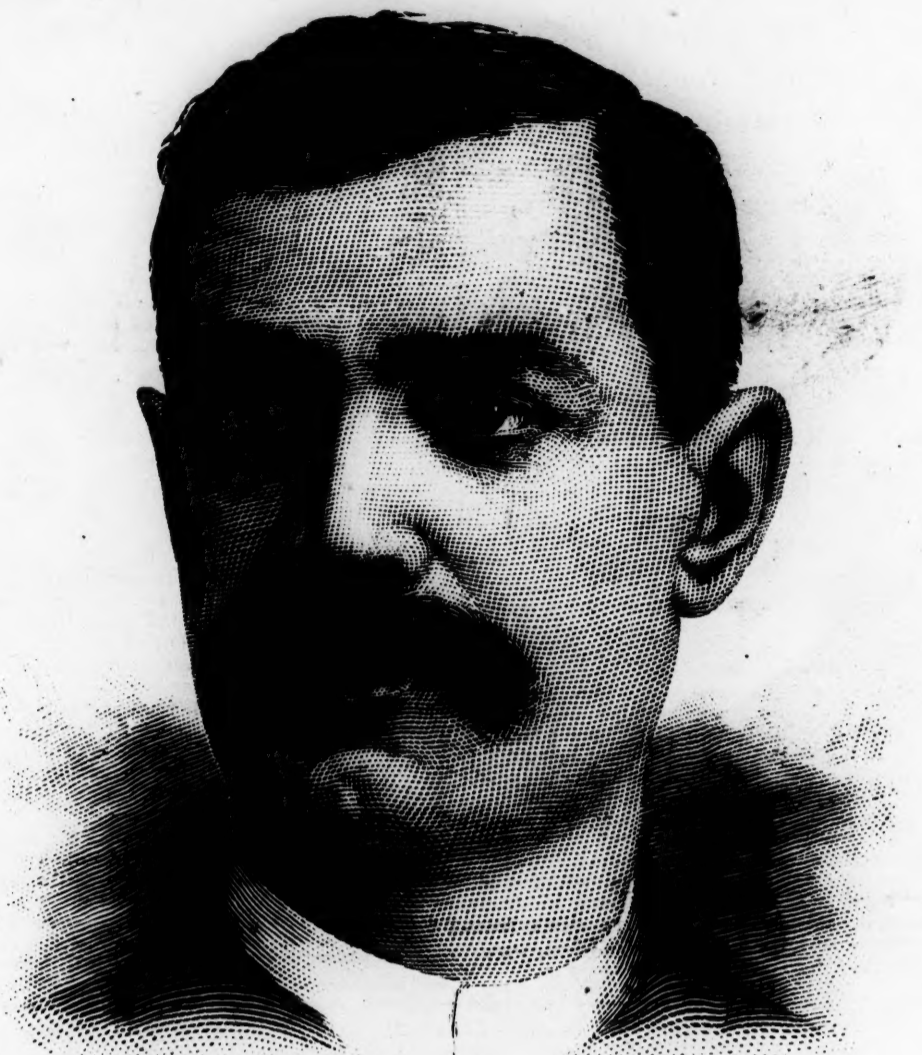
In the evening Charlie Roberts was going towards the church door with Miss Graves and Miss Potter. Miss Graves testified that she saw Austin Hanks approaching Roberts, and before she could warn him Hanks struck him on the head with a wrench. Roberts staggered forward. Hanks struck him again, following him up, and Roberts cried out "you quit," still going forward and Hanks following. Roberts recovering from the blows, straightened up, drew his revolver and fired at Hanks. When he fired the first shot he pushed Miss Graves aside with his left hand, and received a severe wound by a bullet in this hand. Roberts fired a second shot, and some one said to have been one of the Combs boys, struck him from behind with a barrow tooth. Roberts said, "Are there more than one on me?" turned and snapped his revolver at the man behind him, and then quickly fired again at Hanks. This was all done in only a few seconds, and at this juncture Hanks cried out "O, I'm shot!" Roberts took the ladies' arms and went on into the church. This is the substance of all the testimony taken at the preliminary trial.

Athletes, gymnasts and all sporting men should send 30 cents for the "Sporting Man's Companion" for 1887. Gives rules how to row, etc., etc., and portraits of all the American champions. Sold at all newsstands in the United States and Canada, or direct from the publisher, Richard K. Fox, Franklin square, New York.



ELIZA WEATHERSBY,

THE CHARMING AND VERSATILE WIFE OF NAT GOODWIN RECENTLY DECEASED.



G. W. MITCHELL,

A VERY CLEVER AND POPULAR YOUNG COMEDIAN AND DIALECT ACTOR.



SCALDING A HOG.

THAT IS WHAT MRS. JACK BREAD SAYS SHE DID TO HER HUSBAND AT NEW-ARK, OHIO.



SMOTHERED BY A CRANK.

MR. AND MRS. GAVIN, AN OLD COUPLE RESIDING AT DETROIT ARE KILLED WHILE ASLEEP BY THEIR DAUGHTER.



ROBBED BY A COWBOY.

HOW UNITED STATES PAYMASTER D. N. BUSH WAS RELIEVED OF SEVEN-THOUSAND FIVE-HUNDRED IN COLD CASH AT ANTELOPE SPRINGS, WYOMING TERR.



PLUCKY MINNIE CHASMER.

SHE RESCUES POOR LITTLE LOUISA VAN WINKLE FROM FIVE BUFFIANS IN GRANTON, N. Y.



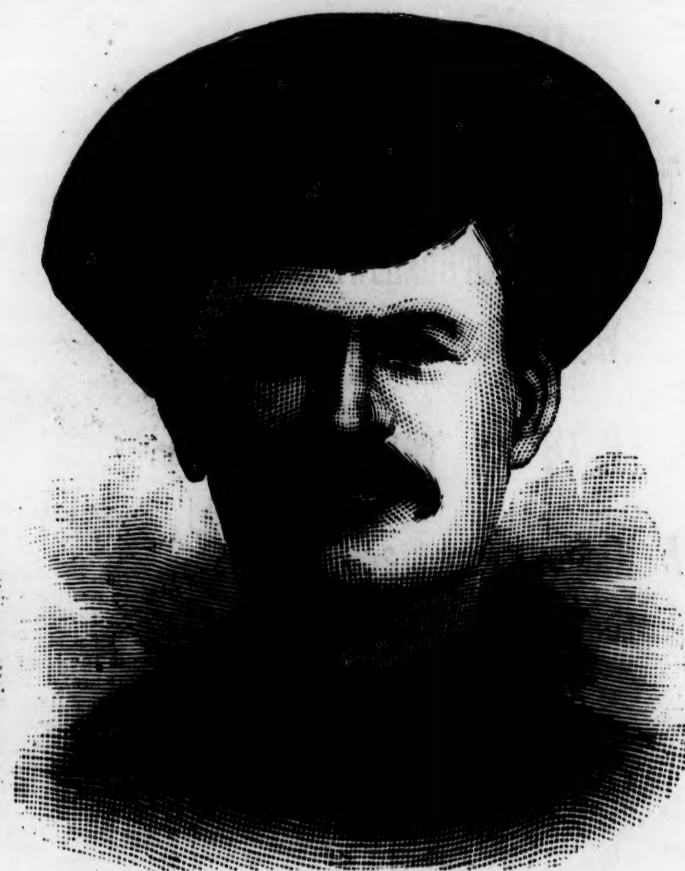
Mrs. F. L. Babcock,

ALLEGED TO HAVE SKIPPED OFF WITH HER INTENDED SON-IN-LAW WILL HILL FROM BRONSON, MICH.



Miss Babcock,

WHO HAS PROBABLY BY THIS TIME CHANGED HER NAME TO MRS. WILLIAM HILL, FORMERLY OF BRONSON, MICH.



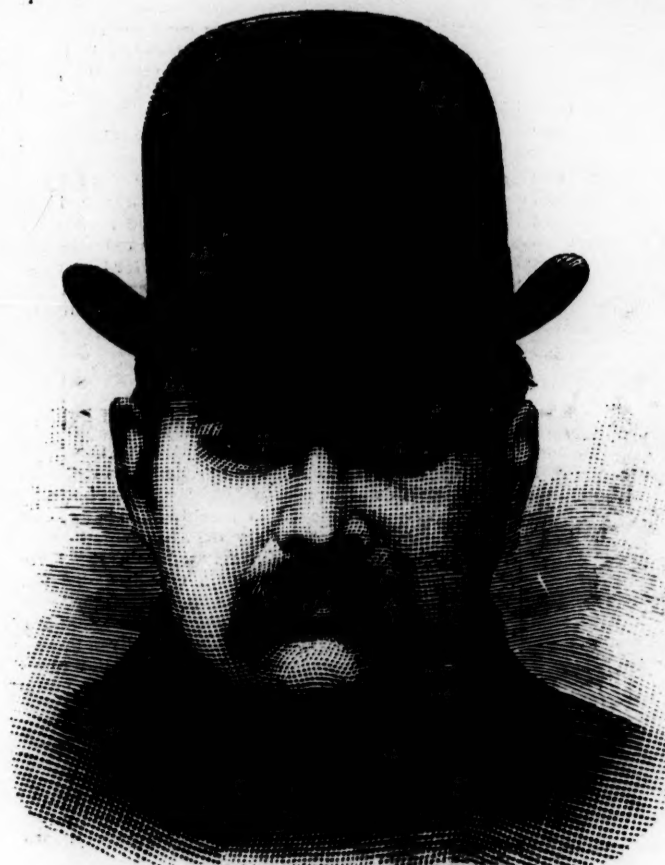
CHARLIE ROBERTS,

THE COOL YOUNG MAN WHO DID THE FATAL SHOOTING AT A CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT, CRUTCHFIELD PRAIRIE, ILL.



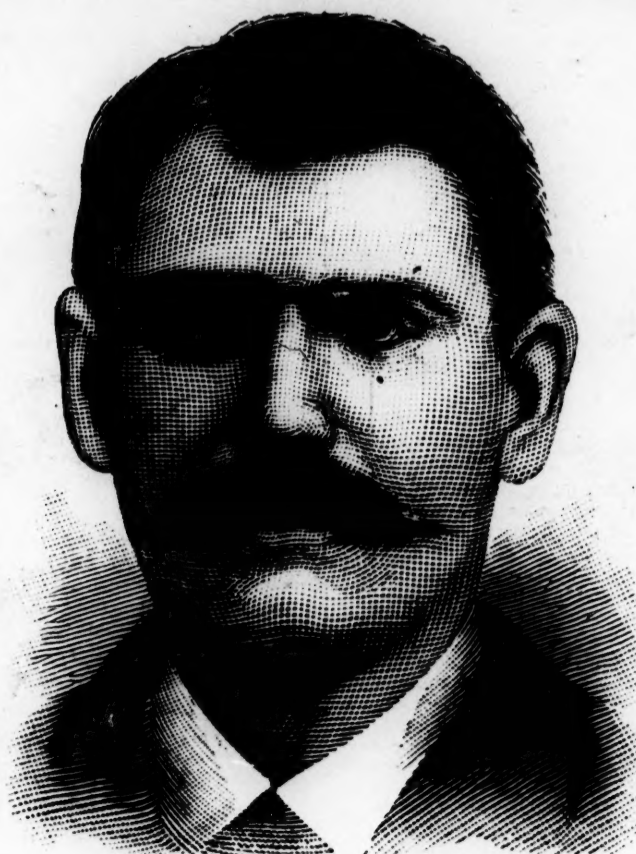
BUCK TAYLOR'S PERIL.

HE FAILS IN A GALLANT ATTEMPT TO LASSO THE BIG BISON OF THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



GUS RAYMOND,

A DANDY CROOK WANTED BY THE BOSTON POLICE WHO CAN BE FOUND AT THE TRENTON STATE PRISON.



JOHN MCKINNEY,

THE CATTLE MAN WHO SHOT AND KILLED JOHN RIGGS NEAR EUREKA, IOWA.



ROBERT E. VAN BRUNT,

THE SALVATIONIST WHO IS TO BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF WILL ROY, WARSAW, WYOMING COUNTY, N. Y.

BUTCHERY.

The Horrible and Mysterious Murder of an Unknown Young Woman at Rahway, N. J. DEAD ON THE ROAD.

A Hideous Spectacle to As- tound the Wayfarer on a Dreary Jersey Highway.

NO CLUE.

Has the Groundless Mercy Shown to
Janitor Titus Inspired Another
Fiendish Crime?

"TIM BYRNE."

Another Chance for the State of New Jersey
to Make a Thrilling Display of
Her Vanted Justice.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A comely, fresh complexioned girl, with light blue eyes and wavy brown hair, was found dead, with her throat cut, early last Saturday morning, lying on a roadside in the outskirts of Rahway, N. J. She was seen first at 6:30 o'clock by four brothers, Alfred, Frank, Thomas and Irving Worth, of Milton, who were on their way to work in the Essex Filling Mills. They were walking in Central avenue, and the body lay on the south side of the road close up to a slender rail fence that had been put up only the day before. The head was half buried and frozen fast in the ground, and was covered all over with blood. There was a pool of blood also several inches deep. The throat was gashed in two places. The jaw was cut on the left side, and there were two cuts in the chin. Blood was still oozing from these wounds. The left side of the face was covered by the ground. The right side was discolored.

Altogether it looked as if a man had stamped the head into the soft earth, and the earth afterward had frozen. The girl's forehead bore three bruises. Her right hand, on which was a glove, had been slashed near the wrist with a knife, and the inside of her left hand, which was also gloved, was lacerated near the fingers. The rest of the body was in an equally shocking condition. The clothing was much disarranged and the dress partly drawn up. Her shoes were muddy almost to the top.

Frank Worth stayed by the body, while Alfred



The girl's hat.

Worth ran to Chief of Police Tooker's house in the village. Thomas and Irving Worth went on to their work, and when Alfred Worth returned to the scene with Chief Tooker Frank was still standing guard over the body. It was a ghastly sight in the early morning sunshine. The murdered girl was dressed in an olive green cloth suit, trimmed with green feathers. A new pair of yellowish kid gloves covered her well-shaped hands, one of which was drawn above her head. The breast of her figured silk blouse was smeared with mud, showing that at one time in her struggle for life she must have fallen face downward.

The news of the brutal murder spread rapidly through Rahway, and a crowd quickly gathered about the spot where the corpse lay. Footprints of the murderer were all about the scene. Just at the foot of the body were marks of a man's No. 8 boot. The girl's

footprints were traced from Jefferson avenue, while the man's came from the opposite direction. The girl was walking at the side of the road, where the ground was very soft. The man's footprints could not be traced as far as the girl's. When he saw the girl he was probably walking in the middle of the road, where the ground was tolerably hard. There were prints of the wheels of a wagon all about on the side of the road, but they may have been made by the wagon that carried the rails for the new fence. Near by was found the girl's black fur cape, torn almost



The victim's umbrella.

into shreds; her black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, with a red bow in front, covered with a black dotted veil; a breastpin and a small pin ornament. Under the body was a Norfolk brand No. 16 collar with the letter "N" sewed in the middle with gold thread. It cannot be told from the size or shape of the collar whether it was that of a man or a woman. Close to the body lay a small willow basket containing nine broken eggs and a small black umbrella.

Over the rail fence in the ploughed field, about sixty feet from the body, was a torquise handled pen-knife with two blades, one opening at each end. The big blade of the knife was open, and was covered with blood. The blade is about three inches long. In Robinson's River, a branch of the Rahway, 600 feet straight back from the corpse, was found, close to the bank, a black bag. The bag, which was unclasp-

ed, contained these articles: A chemise, a little worn, a fur neck warmer, two white aprons, a part of a pair of a man's old suspenders, a black and red bustle, a skirt p'aid, with a new waist to match, a new chemise, a new night gown, one comb and brush, a piece of the New York Herald of March 23, triple sheet, a green velvet sacque, with lace sleeves and orange buttons down the front, a pair of slippers with heels off, the heels, together with a button hook, being placed inside, and a scrap of paper that contained a family name.

The last piece of evidence was immediately secreted by the police. The finding of the satchel in the river seems to indicate the direction the murderer took. But his footprints could not be traced beyond Jefferson avenue, where a good many people pass.

The remains lay by the roadside until past noon. Hundreds came and viewed them, but nobody could recognize the face. Some thought the young woman belonged in the country back of Rahway, but more believed that she came from New York. After Coroner Terrill of Elizabeth had viewed the body and



The basket of eggs.

taken in the surroundings the body was removed to Ryno & Marsh's undertaking shop. A crowd followed it there, and all day people stood about the door. The body was laid out on a stretcher and the outer clothing was removed, while the blood was sponged off the body. The body measured five feet two inches long. One cut in the throat cut deep into the jawbone on the left side. The other was straight across the throat, and it reached within an inch of each ear. It severed the jugular vein. The cuts in the chin were close together and looked like stab wounds. Any thought they could discern finger marks on the girl's discolored right ear. The girl's well-rounded arms were spotted with bruises from the shoulders down to the shapely hands. The latter do not look as if they had been used in hard work. Three gold finger rings were on the third finger of the left hand. One ring was plain, one was chased, and the other was set with thirteen stones, six white stones on one side and seven red ones on the other. The stones were cheap and looked as if they might be glass. The girl's shoes were button gaiters of coarse leather and of German manufacture. Her underclothing consisted of black stockings, red flannel drawers, red corsets, a white chemise, a black and white worsted knit skirt and a black and yellow undershirt.

Undertaker Ryno's building in Irving avenue was surrounded all day by a crowd of men and boys, and about noon reinforcements arrived from the female portion of the community. Many people who wanted to get a glimpse of the remains trumped up an excuse that they thought that they knew her. In order to give all a chance to view the body Undertaker Ryno opened the morgue between half-past eleven and half-past twelve and again between half-past four and half-past six. When the announcement that the body would be exposed to view was tacked upon the door the people formed in long lines and waited patiently.

About eleven o'clock a well-dressed stranger, about fifty years of age, with a full beard touched with gray, asked permission to see the body. His request was granted, and when he saw the body his countenance changed so quickly that Undertaker Ryno asked him if he knew the girl. The stranger gave an evasive answer and said that he would call back again with a friend and could probably give some information. He refused to give his name or tell from whence he came, and the undertaker was obliged to let him go although he thought that the stranger could throw some light on the matter.

The police were not idle. Early in the morning ex-Chief of Police George Wright and Officer Conger drove out of town in a carriage and in about half an

hour they were followed by Chief Tooker, of Rahway, and ex-Chief Keron, of Elizabeth. The latter has practically full charge of the case, and the other officers are working under his direction. It was evident that they were working on a clew. The mysterious air which hovers over the average rural detective when he feels himself confronted by an appalling tragedy is depressing to those around. It produces a weary, tired feeling. The officers drove to Milton, a small settlement on the outskirts of Rahway. The girl is supposed to have tramped through Milton, and her clothes bag was found in the little creek which was within a stone's throw of the place. So far all the clews have centered in this little settlement, but they failed to materialize.

One of the most important men connected with the affair is James Brunt, who keeps a grocery store in Maple avenue, Milton. He it was who found the girl's clothes bag, and since that time he has given the police much information which may lead to good results, although one of his theories has been exploded. In a conversation with a reporter Brunt said that on Friday morning he was informed that the body of a murdered girl had been found near the corner of Jefferson and Central avenues. Brunt lives on the corner of Jefferson and Myrtle avenues, and as the former thoroughfare is not built upon Brunt can see the place where the girl was murdered from his front door. It is about 300 yards from his door. He went immediately to the scene of the tragedy and then returned to



The black bag.

his house. As he was passing over an iron bridge which spans the Milton creek on Jefferson avenue he chanced to glance up the stream. Under the bridge the water is deep, but about fifty yards above the bridge the little stream purrs over a shoal of white pebbles. Brunt saw a black object in the shallow water, but did not stop to see what it was. After breakfast he walked down to the creek and saw that the object in the water was a black leather clothes bag. He sent for George Nuglet, who pulled the bag out of the water. It was locked, not unfastened, as has been stated, and it was opened with a key which Nuglet had in his pocket. The contents were carefully packed and had not been tampered about. The finding of the bag was the most important clew obtained, although the police refused to allow reporters to examine its contents at first.

Among the throng that gazed on the face of the young girl was Willie Brunt.

"I know that girl," he said. "She was hanging up clothes in Froot's yard on Friday."

The exclamation had hardly died on his lips when the police hastened to him and pumped all the information out of him. The boy was corroborated by his younger brother, who also claimed to have seen the murdered girl in Froot's yard. This furnished the clew which took the police out of town so hurriedly in the morning.

A reporter called at William Brunt's house. He was absent, but his two sons were at home. The boys were awkward and shy. Willie, the elder, who is also the more intelligent, said: "About two weeks ago two women came to Froot's house. One was an elderly woman and the other was the young girl who was murdered. They went away again, and I did not see the young girl until Friday morning, when she was hanging up clothes in Froot's yard."

"Are you sure that the girl you saw in Froot's yard is the murdered girl?"

"Yes, I know by the way she wore her hair and from her face."

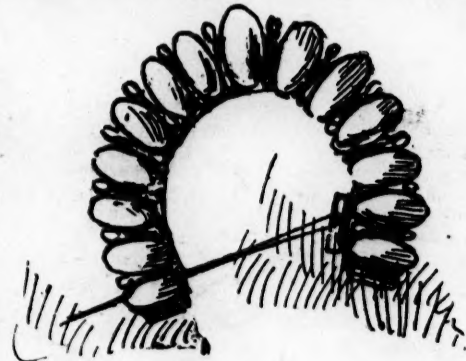
The boy described in his own way how the girl's hair was braided and tied around in a knot on the crown of her head. When the body was found the hair was dressed in this way. On Friday night there was a party at Froot's house, he said, and a great many people were present.

"The party let out about 10 o'clock," he continued. "Bill Keech was awful mad at something, and was walking up and down in front of his house with a club. Father and I saw him with it in his hand."

Little Fred Brunt said that he thought that he had seen the murdered woman in Froot's yard.

A detective who came from New Brunswick said that he had met a man in Rahway who told him that he had met Willie Froot in the street. The boy asked him if he was going to see the body. The man replied that he was and asked the boy whether he had seen it yet. The boy replied: "No, my mother told that I would have fits if I looked at the body."

A visit was next paid to Froot's house. The only people at home were Mrs. Undershot, a feeble old



Her collar pin.

woman and Willie Froot. The boy is very bright and has an air of truthfulness.

"Were any strangers at your house about two weeks ago?" was asked of him.

"Yes, Mrs. Sodon, my grandmother, and Jane Richmond, who lives over by Westfield, were here."

"There was a party here on Friday night, now, just tell who were here?"

"No, the party was on Thursday night. It was only

a company of our relations. There were my father, mother, myself, Jane Richmond, Charles Undershot, who works over at Bloodgood's woolen mills in Cranford; his mother, my grandmother and grandfather, James D. and Mercy H. Sodon, who lives on Dr. Kinch's farm, near Westfield; my aunt, Morilla Sodon; my uncle, John Poland; his wife, Mary; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lambert and my uncle, William Keech. Oh, yes, and Nancy."

"Who's Nancy?"

"I don't know. She came over from Ireland a few days ago. This morning early my father and mother, Uncle William Keech and Nancy went to my grandfather's and will not be back until half-past five this evening."

The boy said he had seen the corpse and denied that he had ever told a man that his mother had forbid him looking at the body. He said he never saw the murdered girl before. On Thursday night, he said, his uncle had gone into the street with a club to drive away some boys who were throwing stones into the house.

As the reporters were leaving Froot's house ex-Chief Keron and Chief Tooker drove up. They had been to Westfield after the Froots and had found Nancy with them. She was a green Irish girl, and did not at all answer the description of the murdered girl. They said that they had come to the conclusion that there was nothing at all in the story.

There was found a handkerchief upon which was marked in blue cotton, "K. M. Noory," or "Noovy." As the girl is supposed to be German, and as there are no German terminations in Y the name is thought to be Noory. The handkerchief was found in the leather bag, which also contained a folding rubber stamp attached to the end of a lead pencil. The stamp contained the name of "Timothy Byrne," in Roman capital letters. The bottom of the bag contained the tables of a steamship company. They were old, dirty and water soaked, but the word "Hamburg" could be discerned on one, and on another, "The New Jersey and New York Baggage Express Company, No. 146 Greene street and No. 66 Cortlandt street, New York." Inside the bag was a label of "Crouch & Fitzgerald, makers, No. 556 Broadway, New York." This was all there was about her that would in any way lead to her identification. The post-mortem examination proved that she was a single woman.

"It is my opinion," said ex-Chief Keron, "that the girl came from New York and was butchered here for some purpose. I cannot believe that the motive could



The dress she wore.

have been assault. It might have been robbery. The girl's pocketbook—we of course suppose she had one—is gone, and whatever money she had about her. I think the key of her satchel may have been in her pocketbook. The basket of eggs must have belonged to her murderer, and in that case the meeting was accidental. No man who is going to commit a murder is going to carry a basket of eggs with him. I have tried to trace the clothes bag in New York, but I found that No. 146 Greene street was a warehouse, and No. 66 Cortlandt street was closed when I called there on Saturday night."

It was said at the undertaker's that Louis De Camp, a resident of Milton, passed the scene of the murder at half-past nine on Friday night, but did not see the woman's body on the roadside nor did he hear any screams. De Camp could not be found but Hattie Cromell and Emma Moore, colored women, who live opposite De Camp, told a reporter that they were within two blocks of the scene of the murder at half-past nine on Friday night, and they distinctly heard a woman's screams.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Fortune Smiles Upon John W. D. Stokes of Detroit.

John W. D. Stokes in January sent \$2 to the New Orleans National Bank for the purchase of a ticket in the monthly drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. The money was delayed in reaching the bank, and was invested in the February drawing, which came off on the 8th inst. Stokes received his ticket, a fifth of No. 45,151, and when he learned that it called for part of the \$50,000 prize he promptly resigned his position as dealer in a prominent Detroit gambling house. A few days later the money arrived by express, prepaid, in the form of 1,000 ten-dollar bills. They were all new and crisp, and made a pile nearly two feet high. The lucky man deposited his little fortune among a number of city banks, and is now enjoying a season of rest. He is also having his wife, who is nearly blind, treated for her affliction.

Stokes says he will never deal faro again. He proposes to engage in some legitimate business as soon as he can find a suitable place to invest his money. He is past middle age, and has been a professional card player for twenty years. He says that friendly card playing for a consideration to lend interest to the game, is the stumbling-block upon which many young men trip. In his judgment there is no money in gambling, the percentages being all against the guesser.—Detroit (Mich.) Tribune, Feb. 27.

A DRAW.

The Battle for the Light-Weight
Championship and "Police
Gazette" Diamond
Belt.

SMITH vs. MITCHELL.

They Fight Sixteen Stiff and Gallant Rounds
and Then the Police Break in and
Arrest All Hands.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sporting fraternity for the past two months have been looking forward with eager interest to the match recently arranged between Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, who were matched to fight for \$1,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the light-weight championship of America. The match came about in this way: The numerous light-weight boxers were each claiming to be champions, and it was a hard matter to decide what boxer did have the right to the title. Knowing that Jimmy Mitchell, Jack McAuliffe, Paddy Smith and other elite knights of the light-weight division of the pugilistic brigade were ready at any time to contend for supremacy and the championship, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, had a belt made, which cost \$1,500, to represent the light-weight championship.

After the trophy was finished and put on exhibition, it was pronounced to be the most valuable and costly trophy ever offered for competition, and all the light-weight boxers at once appeared eager to contend for it. Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn, with John Lewis called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and announced that they were willing to match Paddy Smith to fight Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, for \$500 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the light-weight championship of America. At the same time they posted \$50 deposit and agreed to meet Arthur Chambers, Mitchell's backer, to arrange the match.

Chambers was at once notified that a deposit had been posted, and at the time named Chambers came on from Philadelphia, met Mullen at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Each posted the necessary amount of money, making their first deposit \$250 a side, and signed articles of agreement. After the match was ratified Smith gave an exhibition in Brooklyn and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt was exhibited and greatly admired by the large crowd who had assembled. Smith then went into training at Billy McMahon's Parkville, and began to reduce his weight, as the articles specified that the men should fight at 135 pounds, and weight at Arthur Chambers' twenty-four hours before the fight. Mitchell went into training at Philadelphia under the mentorship of Arthur Chambers, and Mitchell gradually worked himself into first-class condition. On Saturday, March 26, the final deposit of \$250 a side had to be posted with Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder. On March 24 Chambers forwarded Mitchell's final deposit to the final stakeholder, and he was directly notified that his money had been received. In the articles of agreement there was no hour specified for the posting of the final deposit, consequently Smith's backer had up to twelve o'clock on March 26th to put up his money. It had been rumored that Smith had had a wrangle with his trainer and backer and that the final deposit would not be put up.

It was also rumored that Smith had found that he could not reduce himself to 135 pounds, and when P. M. came Saturday, March the 26th, it appeared that there was some truth in the reports that were circulating. The POLICE GAZETTE office is generally closed at 6 P. M., but in order that Smith and his backer might have every opportunity to put up their money with the stakeholder the sporting office of the POLICE GAZETTE was kept open until midnight, and Richard K. Fox's representative was present ready to receive the money and notify Arthur Chambers, Mitchell's backer, that the stakes were posted. The men were weighed at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest on Sunday evening.

Mitchell tipped the beam at 132 pounds and Smith weighed 131 pounds and 4 ounces. The Smith party failed to put up the last deposit of \$250, but Arthur Chambers finally consented to allow the match to go on at \$250 a side. The articles of agreement stipulated that not more than ten spectators a side should be present, but a good many outsiders got the tip, and there were probably not less fifty persons in the room when the men stepped in the ring to begin the battle.

Great care had been taken in getting to the fighting ground in order not to arouse the suspicions of the police or residents in the neighborhood.

Smith and half a dozen New Yorkers were the last to arrive. The ring was pitched in an upper story room, and it measured about eighteen feet square. The spectators were arrayed along two sides of the wall, the room being longer than it was wide. A New York sport was chosen referee, and a Philadelphia boxer kept the time. Arthur Chambers and a friend seconded Mitchell, and Arthur Mullen and another looked after Smith. Both men were stripped to the waist and wore white trunks. Mitchell's were of knit goods and fitted his form like a glove, while Smith's were of white cotton cloth and seemed baggy. Skin-tight gloves were worn with the finger tips cut off.

Smith is the larger man when in normal condition, and he bore marks of very severe training to get down to 135 pounds. His cheek bones protruded, and his muscles stood out prominently. Mitchell looked

fit to fight for his life. He is 28 years old and stands 5 feet 5½ inches high. Smith is a year older and an inch taller. Smith came over to Mitchell's corner just before the call of time and offered to bet Mitchell \$100 that he would win. Mitchell promptly accepted and the money was put up. Two other bets of \$100 were made.

Smith seemed very confident, while Mitchell smiled in a wicked way on putting up his hands for the first round. Mitchell was the first to lead, but it was only a feeler and did not land. Smith promptly responded with a rush, and was met half way by Mitchell. Mitchell soon landed hard on Smith's face with his left hand, and also got in two right handers. Smith countered every time. In the second round Smith let out at Mitchell's face, but the latter ducked cleverly and a moment later got in a hard right hand punch on Smith's face. Smith let his left go for Mitchell's stomach, Jimmy responding with a facer. There was a clench, and then Mitchell reached Smith's stomach. Mitchell also got home with right and left on Smith's face, cutting the skin on both cheek bones.

Both men appeared cautious at the opening of the third round. Smith was the first to lead, and Mitchell dodged and hit back hard with his left, catching Smith in the face. Smith landed hard on Mitchell's ribs, cutting the skin.

The fourth round was opened by Smith getting a good right-hand blow on Mitchell's face. Mitchell let go his left and caught Smith on the nose, bringing blood.

The floor in Smith's corner had become quite wet from the water thrown over him by his seconds, while Mitchell's corner was still dry. Smith slipped in leading with his left in the fifth round, and Mitchell took advantage of the opening to put a left-hand swing on Smith's face. Smith seemed enraged and went at Mitchell like a wild bull, landing his left hand on his mouth and cutting his lips badly, also swinging two or three times with his right.

The sixth round was marked by hard fighting, with no particular advantage on either side, and the seventh round was a fine display of science, each man warding off many hard blows.

A bet of \$100 on Mitchell went begging until toward the close of the eighth round, when Smith got in some good work. In the ninth round a bet of \$100 to \$50 on Smith was offered and not taken. Mitchell about that time swung his left hand on Smith's stomach, and Smith gave such apparent signs of pain that Mitchell was encouraged to hit him there again, as it was evident the stomach was Smith's weak spot. The round closed just in time to save Smith.

From this on Mitchell seemed like a winner. He swung at Smith's jaw and stomach alternately and landed often. In the eleventh Mitchell also did the best work.

Smith slipped on his knees in the eleventh round on the wet board, but was up in a moment, and caught Mitchell fair on the mouth with a left-hand jab. Both were bleeding freely from mouth and nose.

The twelfth round was marked by hard punching, and in the thirteenth round there was a good deal of hugging and in-fighting, in which Smith battered away at Mitchell's ribs, while Mitchell worked at the stomach and jaw alternately. Mitchell also put in another terrible stomach blow that made Smith feel sick.

Mitchell landed on Smith's nose and broke it, in the thirteenth round, the blood flying in every direction. Mitchell went in to win in the fourteenth round, seeming much the stronger man of the two. After getting home with his left on Smith's stomach he let go his right for the jaw and caught him. Smith reeled and Mitchell rushed him to his corner, where there was a clench, and the seconds, referee and two or three spectators were in the ring in an instant, and everybody was shouting for the men to break away. In the fifteenth round Mitchell landed twice with his left on Smith's stomach, then put in another one on his jaw, knocking him down. Mullen stopped Mitchell as he came up, and Smith was picked up and put in his chair. Mitchell retired to his corner until the ten seconds were up. Then he rushed over to finish his man, who was clearly done up; but Smith's seconds kept Mitchell away. Chambers and the referee joined in the row, and about a dozen spectators also got in the ring.

The men faced each other for the sixteenth round, but Smith could hardly stand. The spectators seemed anxious to get out because of the noise being made. Mitchell smashed Smith twice, and then the referee stopped the fight and declared it a draw.

There was a grand rush to get down the narrow stairs, doors that had been bolted and locked on going up being broken down. This noise attracted the attention of the patrolman on the beat, who sounded the alarm and called assistance.

The first alarm was given by Thomas H. Parkinson, who lives at No. 1,017 Walnut street, and from the rear of whose house the noise of the fight was so audible that Mrs. Parkinson was frightened, and her husband called the police. Officer Holmes was first on the scene, and was soon joined by Officers Boyle and Brown, who guarded the exits as carefully as they were able, but only succeeded in arresting eleven of the fifty or more present. Among those captured were the principals, Mitchell and Smith. Quite a number escaped by breaking through the weatherboarding of the house in which the fight occurred and gaining access to the yard of Henry McGrath, of No. 1,019 Walnut street. This yard is surrounded by a fence ten feet in height, and well spiked, but nearly all the eager spectators scaled it with no other loss than shreds of clothing. Four unfortunates could not effect an exit, and were found caged in an outhouse by Mr. McGrath, who banded them to the officers.

The battle was as stubborn and determinedly fought as any ever witnessed. In the 16 rounds, fought in 1 hour and 3 minutes, both men fouled repeatedly.

About \$500 was wagered in bets. Two prominent sports of New York and Brooklyn put their money on Smith. Both men were completely exhausted and neither hesitated on infringing the rules. The spectators broke into the ring; the alarm whistles of the police rang out, rendering confusion worse confounded. The men and their seconds refused to follow the instructions of the referee and that official then decided the fight a draw.

The room where the fight occurred was on the top floor of the building, and proved a veritable trap, there being but one door in the room. Those who escaped crawled over roofs and through windows. There were but few in the lucky crowd that got away. Among them were E. F. Mallahan, Al Smith, Charley Johnson, Billy Tracey and several prominent Philadelphians. The police, with drawn revolvers, surrounded the building, and those captured were placed in the patrol wagons and conveyed to the station.

A HASH SLINGER.

The Sad Downfall of a Once Popular and
Prosperous Highwayman---How He
Became a Meek and Lowly
Waiter.

Mr. Flem Page, who has just returned from an extended tour through the Southwest and West, relates many interesting experiences. Among them is his meeting with Bob Ford, one of the former members of the notorious James gang, and the assassin of Jesse James. He met Ford first at Las Vegas, N. M., where he was loading around the bar-rooms, which are thicker there than drug stores in a local option town. He hadn't a dollar in his pocket, but is now poverty-stricken, and doesn't even draw a pension from the State of Missouri—a pointed example of a Commonwealth's ingratitude. His sole occupation in Las Vegas seemed to be the consumption of meacale, although he had to depend upon the "charity" of friends for his drinks and often they were set up to him because he was Bob Ford, and a hero in the eyes of all bums and many of the saloon-keepers.

Mr. Page again met him at Santa Fe. He has fallen from his high estate of "Gentleman of the Road" to the common occupation of "hash-slinger" in a hotel, regarded in the west as the lowest in which a man can engage.

Bob Littell and another member of the gang, whose name Mr. Page has forgotten, were also in Santa Fe, both "strapped" and hangers on about the saloons.

Mr. Page had quite a lengthy conversation with Ford about his exploits, his assassination of Jesse James, which Ford declared was the dirtiest and most cowardly trick he ever performed, and many other "engagements" played by the highwaymen and his gang.

Among other achievements, Ford told how they robbed the Columbia Bank in the spring of 1872, which created a great sensation throughout this entire section at the time, and how they planned to rob the Deposit Bank, at this place, but were foiled by a circumstance which will be hereafter related. It was after learning that Mr. Page was from Glasgow, Ky., that Ford gave the account of the robbery and the terrible tragedy accompanying it. Frank James at the time was living in Nashville, Tenn., where, under an assumed name, he conducted a livery stable, and it was he who planned the raid. His brother Jesse led the band. There were seven men in the gang, and they passed through Glasgow, on their way to Columbia, and it was then that their plans were formed to return and "crack" the bank here after they should have finished the Columbia job. The members approached the little town in divisions, and meeting at an agreed spot near by, rode in about three o'clock in the afternoon and straight to the bank.

Three of the men dismounted and entered, Jesse James acting as spokesman. Several gentlemen were in the bank, and James demanded the safe keys of the cashier. It was upon his refusal to deliver them that he was shot, Jesse James being the man who killed him. The men then proceeded to rifle the cash drawer, but were unable to get into the safe. Altogether they got but little booty, not enough to pay them for their raid. The three men who had entered the bank then retreated to where their horses were held by the others, and, mounting, the robbers dashed out of town and were gone before the people had recovered from the great consternation into which they were thrown. A short distance out they again separated, with the understanding that they would meet at Sulphur Well, in Meade county. The meeting was kept, and from there they proceeded to Glasgow to carry out their plan to rob the bank there. Ford's location of the bank, his mention of the bridge on the pike just below the bank corner, and other points about town showed familiarity with Glasgow that only one could have who had been there, and convinced Mr. Page of the truth at least of that part of his story that he had seen the place.

The men had divided again after their rendezvous at Sulphur Well, and came in squads to Glasgow, entering the town from different directions at the same time, having compared and set their watches together previously. Ford stated that they were thoroughly familiar with the geography of the country, and that so trained were they that they could set together their timepieces, which were of the best, and meet within a minute of a set time at a distance of twenty or thirty miles away.

They always rode the fastest horses, and never met in a town until the very minute they were ready to operate. They often fixed a time of meeting several days ahead, and at the given moment every man was on hand. If they failed to accomplish their purpose it was always understood where and when they were to next meet, as they would not have time or opportunity to fix an hour or meeting point at the place where assembled for their bold work.

They met in front of the Deposit Bank late in the afternoon of the day following the Columbia robbery. As they rode up, however, they saw a three-seated wagon standing on the corner, in which was a party of hunters with their guns, they having evidently just returned from a day's work. The gang was in a hurry to get out of the country after having robbed the bank at Columbia, killed the cashier, fearing pursuit which they had every reason to believe had already been instituted, and so, seeing the hunting party, they were deterred from attempting the robbery of the Deposit Bank, as there were too many men to hold up, especially as they were well armed.

At a signal from Jesse James the gang quietly dispersed and rode out of the town by different roads, as they had entered, without recognizing each other, and seemingly attracting no attention, although strangers, as the news of the Columbia affair had not yet reached there.

Some of these statements of Ford are corroborated by eye-witnesses to the events, and it is probable they are all true. The killing of Mr. Martin, the cashier of the Columbia Bank, was a cowardly murder, the details of which are still fresh in the minds of many of the people of that town. Judge James Garnet, of Columbia, was one of the gentlemen mentioned by Ford as being present in the bank at the time, and he only saved his life by knocking up the pistol of one of the robbers who tried to shoot him. Mr. Martin was one

of the most highly respected citizens of his town, and his cold-blooded assassination, together with the bold robbery, threw the people of the entire country into the greatest excitement. That such a man as Ford should be alive and at liberty to-day, to recite the story and his participation in the crime, is a sad commentary on the laws of this country. The fact that justice has failed to overtake him in this world, is an argument that even Bob Ingersoll would find it difficult to answer, that there must be some place in the hereafter to roast him well.

ANOTHER ROAST.

Miners Unable to Escape From Their Two-Story
Boarding House at Bessemer, Mich.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Frank Miller, with night dress on fire and her hair streaming behind her, early the morning of March 22 burst from the boarding house kept by her husband, and, screaming with fright and pain, ran, a flying column of flame, and threw herself into a small stream near the house. An instant later the whole house, a two-story, flimsy structure of wood, in which were twenty-five men, was wrapped in flame, and Mr. Miller came out, dragging two of the female servants in their night clothes in a frenzy of terror.

Then an alarm went up to the men in the second story, and after what seemed an age to the crowd that gathered quickly a man appeared at a window and leaped to the ground. He was followed by twelve others, most of whom writhed for a moment on the frozen ground with broken limbs or agonizing burns, and then were taken to places of safety by friends. While this was happening Mrs. Miller suddenly reappeared all but naked and crying.

"Oh, my God, my children!" she suddenly exclaimed, and she dashed into the house, followed by her husband. It was not thought they could save even themselves from death, but both reappeared a moment later with their two children, one hardly more than a babe. Both were in a stupor, but the flames had not touched them and they were soon revived.

Meantime two or three of the twelve men still in the upper story could be seen apparently groping about in the smoke, being repeatedly beaten back from the windows by the flames. All were in one room, but it was impossible to reach them from the street. Prayers and mad cries went up from the half-crazed crowd. "Jump or die!" was the last note of warning, and the building fell, carrying with it into the mass of coals and flames the twelve men.

Bessemer is one of the roughest of the Michigan mining towns, and is the scene of nightly brawls and occasionally a murder. It will be days before the people recover from the shock. Several of the rescued men are badly burned and may die.

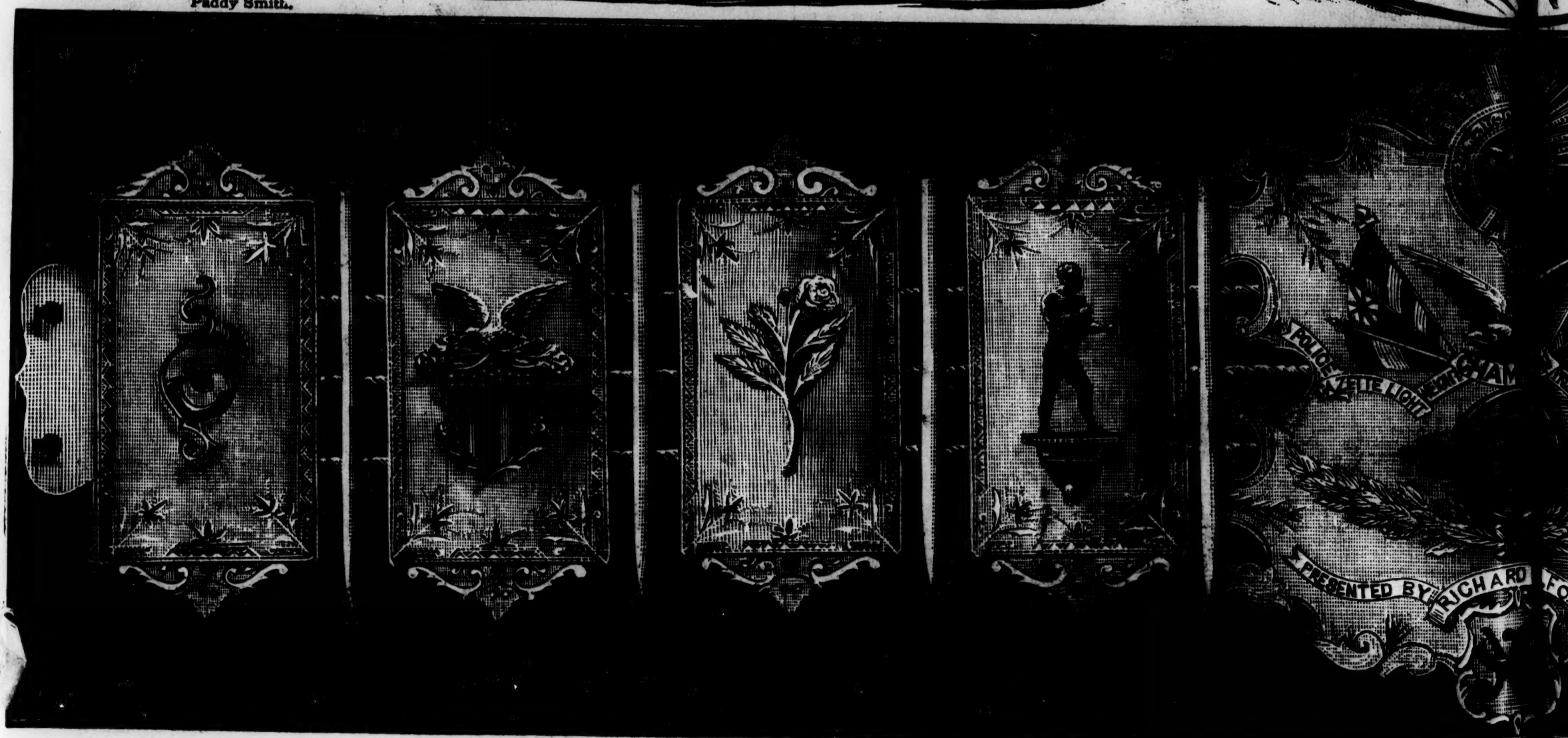
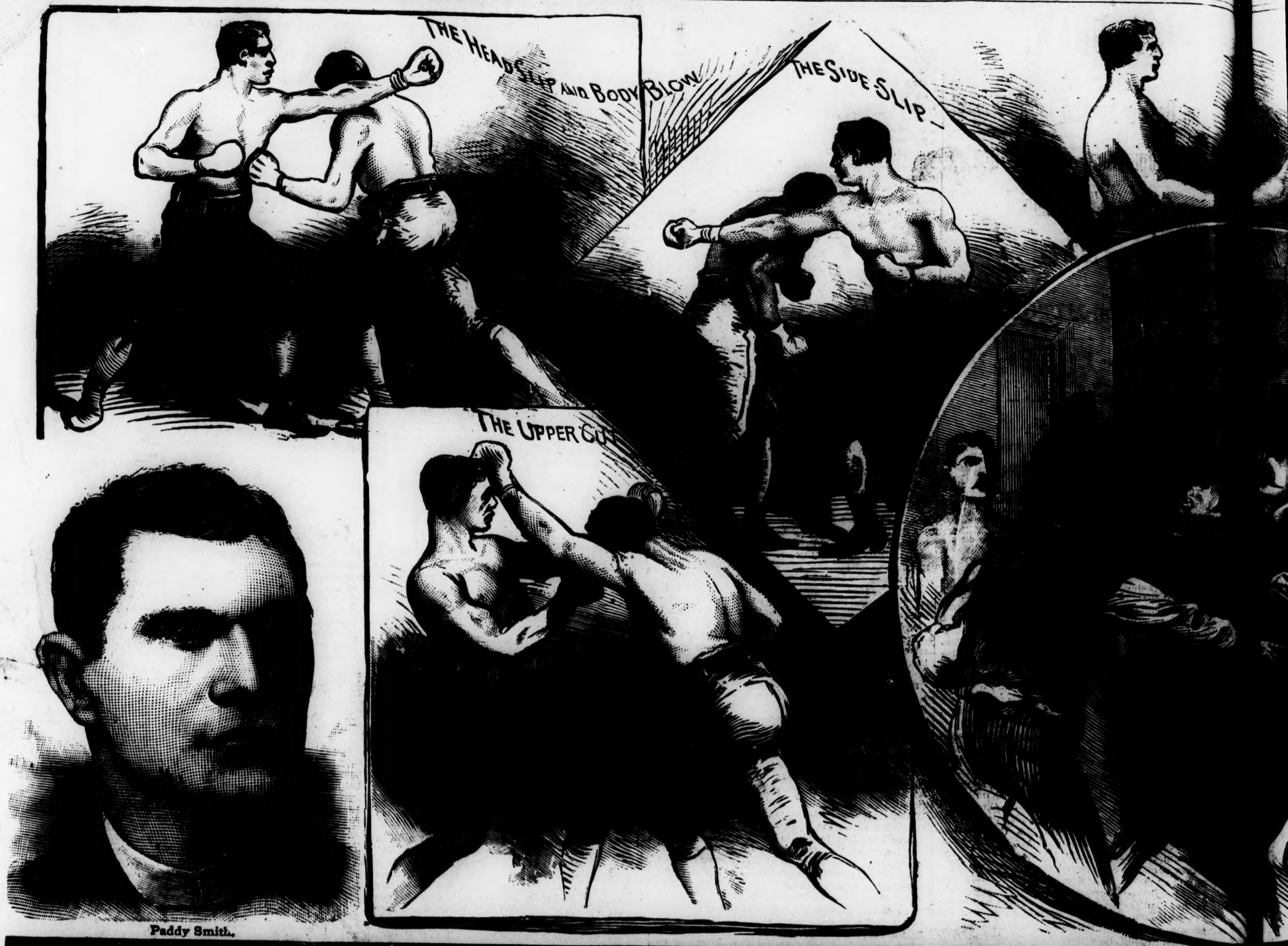
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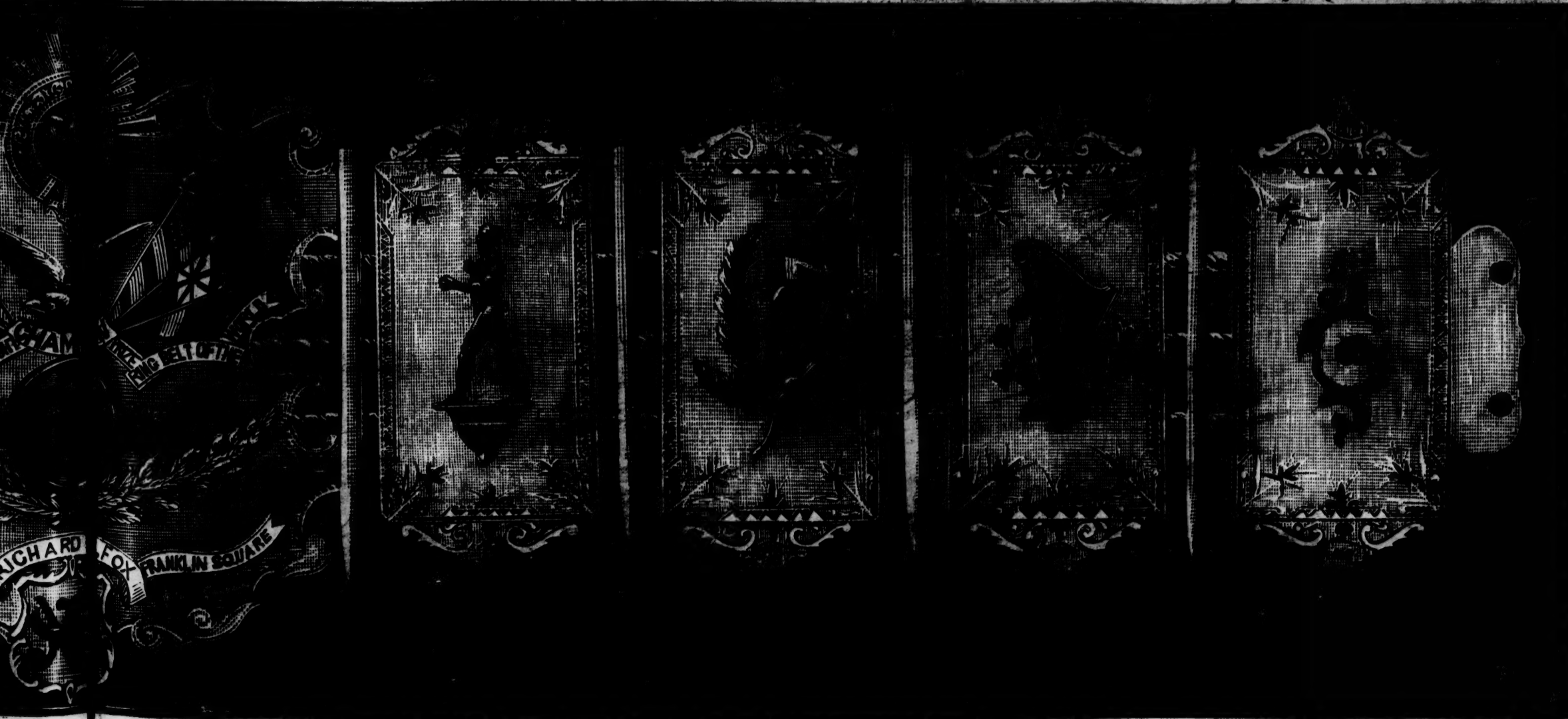
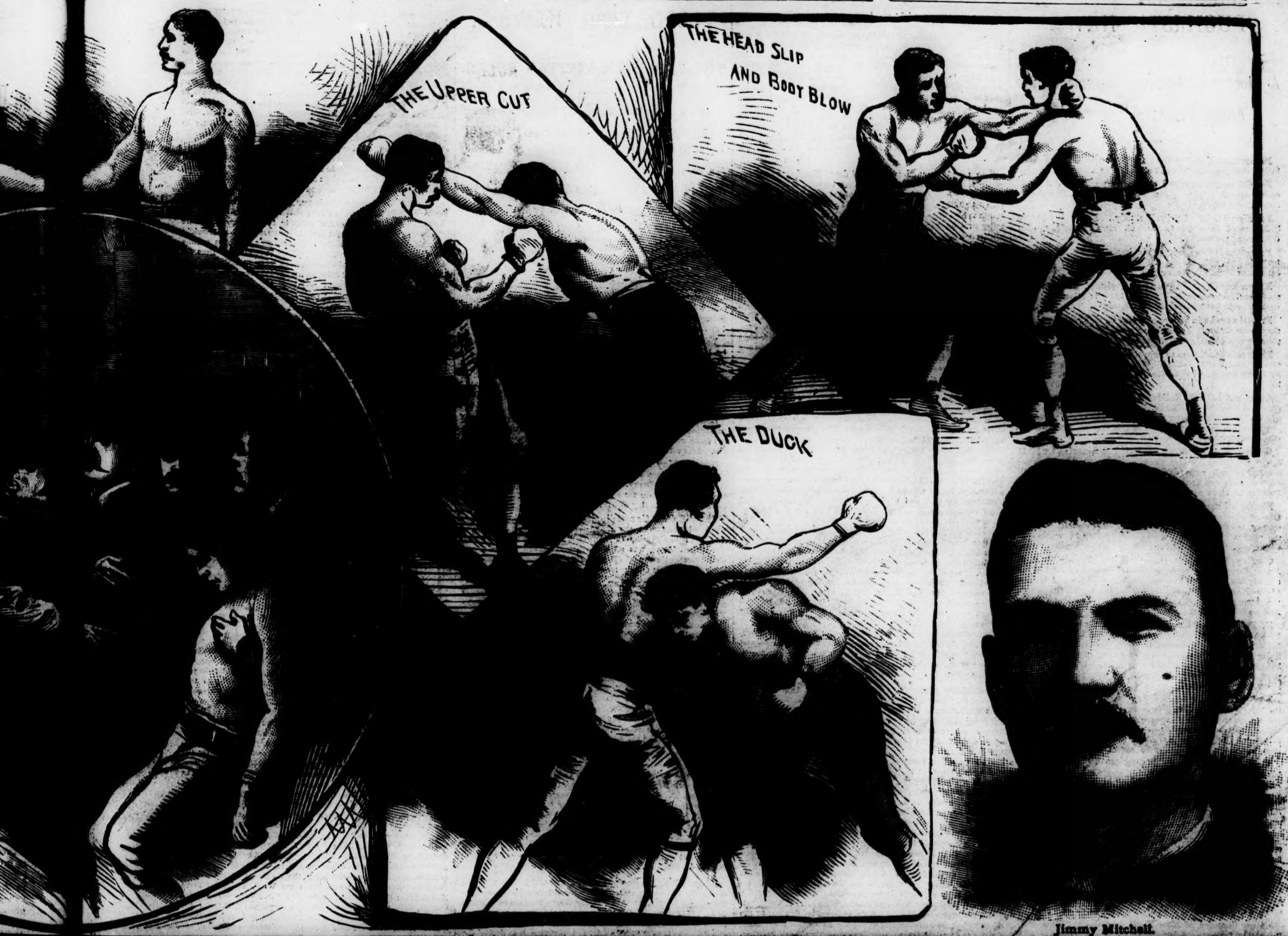
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THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

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THE MATCH FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
 PADDY SMITH OF BROOKLYN AND JIMMY MITCHELL OF PHILADELPHIA FIGHT SIXTEEN GAME AND GALLANT
 WITH PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "POLICE"



IONSHIP AND THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT.
GALLANT ROUNDS IN THE QUAKER CITY UNTIL THE REFEREE DECLARES A DRAW AND THE POLICE BREAK IN.
HE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

Patsy Cardiff states that he will engage in no fistie battles until he meets John L. Sullivan in May.

Joe Coburn, the retired champion pugilist of America, has opened a sporting house, 470 Sixth avenue. His saloon is styled Oyster Bay.

Ed Morrill, of Louisville, Ky., Patsy O'Leary's backer, called at this office on March 25. Morrill is eager to match O'Leary to fight Warren.

Patsy Cardiff is doing a big business at Minneapolis. Make hay while the sun shines, Patsy, and keep your eye on John L. Sullivan, who is after your scalp.

Killen and Cardiff have at last signed articles for a ten-round, four-ounce glove fight for \$1,000, in Minneapolis, two weeks after the Sullivan-Cardiff fight on June 1.

It will now be in order for John L. Sullivan to claim the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, as Jim Smith refuses to meet him.

The eagle continues to scream but the lion's roar has ceased. Jim Smith, England's champion, acknowledges John L. Sullivan's supremacy, and refuses to come to this country to meet him.

Again the John L. Sullivan Combination has started on a tour through the country, under the management of Pat Sheedy. The Combination comprises a galaxy of stars, and every sporting man should take in the show at the numerous town and country cities they visit.

What is Charley Mitchell coming to America for? If it is to give exhibitions they will be a failure, and Mitchell no attraction, unless he agrees to fight Jack Dempsey. The latter will ratify a match with Charley when he arrives for \$2,500 a side. Sullivan has also a score to settle with Sir Charles.

Nearly all the boxers go it now according to "Police Gazette" rules and they have found that they are the fairest to contend by, and that the public patronize all glove contests in which the "Police Gazette" rules govern because they know they will witness a first class contest which will be ended before they leave.

Charley White, the Duke's Motto, Frank Grimm, Arthur Cooper, John Fleming, and the balance of the English sporting men, who made such big bluffs how they would furnish \$5,000-\$25,000 for Smith to fight John L. Sullivan, should now wear crepe after the way they have backed out of sending Smith to America to fight Sullivan.

E. F. Mallahan has secured the lease of Arlington Hall, Vermont avenue, corner Fifth street, Long Island City, and boxing will here reign supreme under Ed's management for many months to come. The inaugural boxing bout will take place on Monday, April 4, when Johnny Reagan, Mike Donovan's clever pupil, and Fred Woods of Philadelphia will box ten rounds, scientific points to count.

Tug Wilson must have given Jim Smith a tip during the latter's visit to Leicester, for Smith gave up all expectations of visiting the United States and conquering Sullivan. If Smith did not get a pointer from Tug Wilson probably Alf Greenfield informed Smith at the jubilee at London that Sullivan could put him to sleep, and that is why he abandoned his trip to America.

At Erasmus, S. I., on March 28, Thomas Ryan, a baseball player, and James Liddy, both of Elizabeth, N. J., fought for a purse of \$100. Dominick Fitzpatrick acted as referee. Liddy was seconded by Mike Cushing, while Ryan was attended by Dick Burke. One hundred and fifty persons paid an admission fee of \$1 to witness the fight, which was a bloody one and hotly contested. Liddy was knocked senseless in the fourth round.

On March 25 Eugene Hornbacher and John Kenny, the bantams, fought with small gloves in this city for a purse. The former is 15 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 112 pounds. Kenny is 19 years of age, 5 feet 4 1/2 inches, and weighs 124 pounds. He was looked after by Tommy Danforth and Billy Kenny, while George Bayle and George Quinn seconded Hornbacher. Fifteen rounds were fought, when Kenny was declared the winner, because Hornbacher refused to continue the contest.

Jimmy Connors, of New York, and George Lewis, of Providence, fought to a finish with hard gloves for a purse of \$125 in Philadelphia late on Saturday night. Connors won by landing hard right-hand over Lewis' head in the fourteenth round. Lewis sank to the floor and failed to respond to the call of time, and he came to all right within a minute. Up to the time of setting the blow that stopped him, Lewis seemed like a winner, having fought the fight and knocked Connors down several times.

It may surprise the great levithian betting men behind Jim Smith to know that John L. Sullivan can be matched against Jim Smith, the English champion, for \$10,000 a side, and one half of this amount will be furnished for Sullivan by Richard E. Fox, while Pat Sheedy will end the balance. If \$10,000 is not large enough stakes for the backers of Smith to bring their champion to America and fight for, we desire to inform them that Sullivan can be matched to meet the English champion for \$20,000 a side.

After all the unbecom that has been published in the English sporting papers about Jim Smith's (the English champion) fistie ability, it must be hard times for the many English prize ring authorities to find out that their great champion backed out of crossing the Atlantic to greet the American champion. It was Smith's proposition to come to the United States to meet John L. Sullivan, but it was probably only a bluff when the English champion has refused to fill the contract.

After John C. Heenan, when he was the champion pugilist of America in 1859, stated publicly that he would go to England and meet Tom Sayers, the English champion, he carried out the programme by meeting the English champion on his own ground. He did not make a great flourish of trumpets about beating the lion in his den and then back out like Jim Smith. England's pre-eminent champion has done, simply because Heenan was not a boaster like the present champion of England.

Jack Kilrain, the Baltimore Hercules, who recently defeated Joe Lannon, Boston's latest prize, appears riled over remarks that it is claimed John L. Sullivan made, and is eager to meet Sullivan in the orthodox 24 foot ring and box according to "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate money. A contest between the champion and the boxer who holds the next pride of place to the champion would create a future in sporting circles, and hundreds of sporting men would travel miles to see Kilrain in front of the champion.

Douglas Toussley, of Des Moines, gave Patsy Welch, the light-weight champion of the Northwest, recently at St. Cloud, Minn., on March 25, a drubbing. The mill was eight rounds, with two-ounce gloves. Toussley forced the fighting from the start, and in the second round put Welch under the ropes. At the beginning of the fourth round Toussley swung his right and caught Welch on the chin and the champion went down in a heap. In the seventh round the men clinched, and when they broke away Toussley got in a left-hand clip, which started a free flow of blood from his antagonist's nose. Toussley continued to pummel Welch in the next round and was awarded the fight.

In spite of the many sporting papers now trying to exist, it is interesting to be able to state that the Police Gazette still holds the lead and circulates more than all the sporting papers combined. The last issue of the Police Gazette was in such demand that 162,000 were printed. This is conclusive evidence that the fearless, independent, fair and square policy of the sporting department of the Police Gazette is duly appreciated, also the generous liberality of its proprietor, who has donated over \$40,000 in gold medals, baseball, pedestrian trophies, not counting the three diamond champion belts and the "Police Gazette" single-scutt championship rowing trophy and the champion boxing medal for Nebraska now being manufactured.

Billy Wilson, the heavy-weight colored champion of America, and Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, met in their 15-round fight for \$500 and 75 per cent. of gate receipts, at St. Paul, Minn., March 25. The gloves used were four-ounce, Tommy

Warren, the feather-weight, acted as referee, and Billy Hawkins, the Canadian champion, was timekeeper. For the first four rounds Wilson had the best of the mill, striking his opponent a dozen heavy blows and twice forcing him to the ropes. In the fifth round Wilson hit Woodson a hard rap in the neck with his right and the dusky Chicagoan went to his knees. When he recovered Wilson rushed him to the ropes. The fight then began in dead earnest. Blows fell thick and fast from the fists of both. Woodson finally gave his antagonist a stinging blow on the right ear, knocking him down. In the sixth round Woodson dropped Wilson to the floor three times in quick succession, striking him each time after he had fallen. The police rushed into the ring, and Referee Warren announced that Woodson had deliberately fouled his opponent and awarded the fight to Wilson. The audience numbered fifteen hundred.

The sports turned out in full force Monday evening, 28th ult., and packed Crouheim's variety theatre, Hudson street, Hoboken, in happy enjoyment at the pleasure of greeting Champion John L. Sullivan in his first public appearance since the accident to his arm, when he broke one of the bones in punching Patsy Cardiff's head on Jan. 18, at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, Minn. In the boxes sat Mayor Kerr, of Hoboken, surrounded by Police Commissioners Coyle, Smith, Kaufman and Daab. In the opposite box were Water Register Murphy, Water Commissioners Winger, Archer and Rudolph, Aldermen Davis and O'Neil, County Clerk McLaughlin, Postmaster Curran and Freeholder McDonough. Chief of Police Donovan loomed up in the crowd. Boston was represented by Tom Gleason, Jack McInnes, Chauncey Jacobs, James Baxter and John Newcombe. The champion's brother, Mike, stalked grandly through the crowd, in which were Jack Dempsey, Billy O'Brien, Billy Madden, Mike Donovan, Jack Hopper, Tommy Danforth, Johnny Kelly, Mike Gillespie, Matt Malone, Alf Power, Dennis Costigan and scores of other lords and masters of the manly art.

When Sullivan appeared on the stage for his first bout with plucky Joe Lannon it was quickly announced that he weighed 275 pounds, but he was about the liveliest 251 pounds of flesh Hoboken has seen for many a day. His eyes were clear and he smiled cheerfully. During the four rounds he used his un-lured right almost constantly. Lannon, to show his appreciation of the fact, spared lightly to humor the half-crippled champion, but Sullivan quietly said to him: "Let her go, Joe. Don't be afraid; and Joe let her go, giving the big one a sounding thump in the neck, only to get one in the chin that made him exclaim: "Oh, heavens!" He was more cautious after that with the man with the lame arm. In the fourth round Sullivan let himself loose a little, and landed a dozen stinging blows on his opponent's ribs. That closed the bout, and Sullivan stepped to the footlights and asked the audience to excuse any little flaws in the performance. He said:

"This is the first time I have used my arm in two months, and I want to be careful with it, as I hope to meet somebody from the other side pretty soon, and I want to hold the championship."

Sullivan came on again at the close of the exhibition with Steve Taylor. Taylor was buffeted about by Sullivan's right until he looked tired. In the last round Sullivan hit him one in the jaw that convulsed him, and Mr. Pat Sheedy called time so promptly that even Hoboken's officials in the boxes smiled. Sheedy remarked, now voice: "We can't have any slugging; and winked good-naturedly at the kind officials.

There were bouts also between Bob Turnbull and Jim Carroll, Bob Turnbull and La Blanche, and La Blanche and Carroll, and through them all Turnbull proved himself a trump. He is a new member of the combination, and what is technically known in sporting parlance as "a good un."

A slashing glove fight was decided at the Olympic Theatre, St. Paul, on March 26, between George La Blanche, the famous middle-weight of Boston, and Tom Hirsch, of Chicago. It was hotly contested, fairly fought, and ended in a clean knock out. Hirsch came to St. Paul with a good reputation, having taken part in several good fights. He had twice bested Oliver and once defeated McHenry Johnson, the "Black Star." Consequently a good fight was expected, and it turned out nobody was disappointed. The men wore four-ounce gloves. Hirsch weighed 162 pounds and La Blanche 165 pounds. M. J. Roche, president of the Northwestern Baseball League, acted as referee. The first three rounds were pretty evenly contested, Hirsch getting in some very hard blows. La Blanche, however, forced the fighting from the start to the finish. In the second round Hirsch scored a clean knock down, and in the third La Blanche paid it back with interest. In the fourth there was sharp fighting, La Blanche getting in three terrific round arm blows. He assayed a fourth time, and Hirsch caught him squarely in the mouth with his right, landing La Blanche flat on his back. In the fifth Hirsch again caught La Blanche in the face. La Blanche struck viciously at Hirsch, getting in on his wind. A claim of foul was made and a long wrangle ensued. It was not allowed, but time was called. La Blanche forced the fighting in the sixth, trying for Hirsch's stomach all the time, the latter going down to avoid punishment. There was some very sharp sparring, which sometimes degenerated into slugging and Hirsch was floored two or three times. La Blanche was also knocked against the ropes. It was evident at this time that Hirsch was a loser. He had to be helped to his seat by his seconds. In the seventh round La Blanche was the first to face the music. He forced the fighting, landing his left heavily on Hirsch's jaw and made a vicious swinging right hand blow at the Chicago man's neck, but missed through the latter staggering. Again they met, Hirsch landing with his left, but missing with his right. In an instant La Blanche saw an opening, and he drove his left with terrific force into Hirsch's stomach, and the latter fell short of wind to the floor. He lay helpless on the ground, and after the expiration of the 10 seconds, as provided in the "Police Gazette" rules, La Blanche was declared the winner.

Recently Gus Brown and Joe Soto fought with skin gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at St. Francisco. They both showed up in good form. Brown, a little heavier, the audience, composed of the leading society people, numbered about sixty. There was no sparing to begin with, the men getting immediately to their work. At the second pass Brown got in a short-arm left-hander, taking Soto under the left ear and forcing him neatly. The result of the pass was a surprise to the young Spaniard, who smiled sickly as he came up to continue the round in a cautious manner. The contestants did not come together again until the end of the 3 minutes' when a clinch prevented any harm being done. Brown pressed the fighting at the opening of the second round, and rushing Soto, reached him with a good right, back of the ear. Time was called just as Soto got in his first telling blow on Brown's ribs. Three times in rapid succession Brown brought his right to play with good effect on Soto's left elbow, apparently making the whole arm numb for a few minutes, but his owner cautiously kept away from his fierce antagonist until the close of the round, and no further punishment was administered. Soto was evidently waiting for Brown to wear himself out, but in the fourth round the young German gave him a severe lesson. He led out with a straight left, following it quickly with the right on the side of the head. Severe close fighting followed, resulting in numerous protruberances appearing on the faces of both men. The betting by this time had turned in favor of Brown. The careful proviso was invariably made with the betting that "if we jump out of the window the money don't go." Brown got in a right and left-hander in the fifth round, but they did not prevent Soto from retaliating in grand style on Brown's chest, knocking him up against the building. Time prevented further hostilities for another minute. Soto addressed all his carresses in the sixth round to his opponent's neck, while the latter returned them at Soto's stomach. The size of the gloves, however, as well as the manner in which they were being fired out, made the pug's career of coming within reach. Soto came too close in the seventh round and Brown got in a strong right on his ribs, the force of the blow causing his receiver to fall. In the tenth round Soto delivered three right-handers in quick order, reaching Brown each time under the left eye, raising a terrific mound where the blows fell. Blood began pouring and Brown became quite groggy. The eleventh round saw Brown attempting to keep away from punishment as well as he could, but Soto followed too closely, striking him twice, the last right-hander flooring the German. Little punishment was given in the twelfth round, but in the thirteenth and last round Brown's face was bloodied profusely from two stinging blows on the cheek. He had backed to one of the walls which formed part of the square in which the fighting was going on, and raised his right hand to rub off a stream of gore that was running from his eye, as he did so, Soto was on him with a straight right-hander, under which he was compelled to drop unconscious to the floor. He attempted to raise himself in a few moments, but the ten seconds allowed by the rule had expired. Paddy Ryan, the referee, gave Soto the fight. By this time Brown rose to his feet and cried, "This is an outrage, gentlemen," but he lost the fight just the same.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

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"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

Bob Fisher has been "pounded" heavily to win the Suburban during the past week. He has been out down from 40 to 1 to 15 to 1.

Lon Myers, of New York, and W. G. George, of England, ran a 1,000 yard race at Sydney, New South Wales, on Saturday, March 24. Myers won by six yards in 3 minutes 19 seconds.

Joe Acton and Evan Lewis are matched for \$600 a side to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, best three in five falls, three points to constitute a fall. The match has been arranged for April 11 and will take place at Battery B, Chicago.

Sam Brown recently stated at Louisville that he did not expect to have a starter in the Suburban, as Blue Wing was not doing well and Bob Fisher was out-climbed. "We take Brown's statements with plenty of the staple confidence."

General May will go well in the numerous handicaps this season. Green Morris thinks Kink a good outside chance to win the Kentucky Derby. Kink is by King Alfonso, but will be outclimbed in the race for the Blue Ribbon, consequently he will not be the David to slay Goliath.

The "Police Gazette" single-scutt rowing trophy which will represent the single-scutt rowing championship of America, is being manufactured and will be completed for in August. The race will be open to all oarsmen residing in America, and should George Bueber, the English champion, come to this country he will be eligible to row for the trophy.

Charles A. Harriman, the Haverhill pedestrian, blighted the hearts of the females in this city when he contended for the Astley Belt. An Australian exchange says the tall, lanky Yankee's heaving smiles makes the hearts of the Australian females flutter as he covers the ground with an ungainly stride. The American champion's ungainly stride has been too speedy for the Australian champions, for Harriman has defeated both Edwards and Scott since his sojourn in Australia.

A catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for a purse of \$500 and gate receipts took place at Hickley, Minn., on March 27, between J. W. Clark, the English wrestler, and Dave Fitzgerald, the champion wrestler of Wisconsin. Clark won the first bout by a cross arm lock and half Nelson in 6 minutes, the second was won by Fitzgerald on a cross buttock in 8 minutes, the third by Clark by a full Nelson in 5 minutes, the fourth by Fitzgerald by a back lock in 7 minutes and the fifth by Clark by a full hang in 9 minutes.

The scores made by Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" female champion rifle shot, were as follows: March 21, Jack Brewer and Annie Oakley, at Pastime park, Philadelphia. 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules, 50 yards boundary, Brewer killed 45, Oakley 30. March 22, clay pigeon match, 50 birds each, \$50. between Miss Oakley and Louis Goff, near Morrisstown, Oakley 46, Goff 41. March 24, at Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, John L. Brewer and Oakley, 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules, Brewer 44, Oakley 45. Oakley only used one-ounce shot, and this is said to be the highest score ever made under such conditions. When Brewer beat Bogardus, at Pastime park, Philadelphia, same conditions, the score was: Brewer 43, Bogardus 42.

Edward Hanlan has put his signature to the articles of agreement for a straightaway race on the Nepean river, Australia, on Saturday, November 28, and it now remains for William Beach to do the same. The distance named is three miles three hundred and thirty yards. Hanlan is to receive \$500 for expenses, and the stake is to be \$2,500 a side, and the race is to decide the championship of the world. The two celebrated oarsmen are to share alike in expenses and gate receipts. As the articles were drawn up in accordance with the wishes of Beach, the champion will scarcely refuse to sign them. If no hitch occurs, Hanlan will start for Australia in August.

The Pastime Athletic Club, of this city, is making great preparations for the athletic season of 1907. Its track and grounds are now being put in fine condition for the 1st of April, when the outdoor work will begin. The officers, who are all men that understand the business, are working hard to make their first annual games on May 25th at Jones' Wood a decided success. As the championship games took place in the fall this year the club may have a few good men to represent it. The club has been very successful in turning out champions, and the following well-known men were at one time wearers of the Brazilian Cross: E. C. Carter, one and two-mile and cross-country champion; A. A. Jordan, 120-yard hurdle champion; Ed. Lang, champion walker; Frank Lambrecht, champion shot-putter; Arthur Waldron, ex-champion 100-yard runner; Harry Fredericks, ex-champion one-mile runner; J. McDermott, L. R. Sharp, T. J. Convey, and many other men who have left their mark in the athletic field.

Important to athletes. The following letter received at this office explains itself.

WILMINGTON, DEL., March 26, 1906.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: I must say the two books you publish, the "Sporting Man's Companion" and the "American Athlete," are two valuable books, full of interesting records and statistics, and gave the members of the club and myself entire satisfaction. I might say they surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I learn some good hints on training from the Athlete for our last sports.

G. T. HAZARD, Pres't. Warren Athletic Club, Wilmington, Del.

The catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$350 a side between James Faulkner, the "Western cyclone," and Evan Lewis, the Wisconsin "strangler," attracted 700 people to Turn Hall, Buffalo, on March 25. The match was according to "Police Gazette" catch-as-catch-can style, best two in three falls. Lewis weighed 180 pounds and Faulkner 135 pounds. Faulkner won the first fall by pulling Lewis' legs out with his hands in 11 minutes. Lewis won the second fall in 3 seconds, and the third and the match in 3 minutes. Lewis seemed to be the better man all through, and the betting was in his favor at the odds of 250 to 210.

As forming a basis for calculating the distances which it is possible for yachts to travel in deep sea sailing, the following comparative table of the number of miles sailed each day by James Gordon Bennett's Henrietta, George and Franklin Osmond's Florencia and Pierre Leillard's Vesta in the ocean race in December 1905, is valuable:

	Henrietta.	Florencia.	Vesta.
December 12.....	227	229	240
December 13.....	252	249	273
December 14.....	303	230	285
December 15.....	235	198	277
December 16.....	248	218	254
December 17.....	290	240	238
December 18.....	250	180	207
December 19.....	153	168	232
December 20.....	267	280	277
December 21.....	163	136	165
December 22.....	252	222	253
December 23.....	196	215	201
December 24.....	172	194	165
December 25.....	190	279	209
Total miles.....	3,066	3,007	3,064
Average per day.....	218	211	213

"Broad Church," writing to "Wilkes' Spirit" from New Orleans, says: "It is a question if Bob Miller's future career on the turf will be a brilliant one, if even a useful one. In his last race in 1898, nearly a year ago, on the New Orleans track, he pulled up so lame that a break down was feared. He was turned out for

the remainder of the same, getting plenty of time for recuperation. He trained satisfactorily during the spring here, and when he started on Friday, in rather poor company, his owner thought it was a virtual walk-over for the son of Pat Malloy. He was badly disappointed, as Miller ran sluggishly throughout, and could get no better than an indifferent third in an ordinary performance." On March 24, last Thursday, Bob Miller beat Berke, Gov. Bates and Editor and ran a mile in 1:45, which utterly contradicts "Broad Church's" opinion. Is the latter aware, or does he know that he is alive? It does not appear so, for he must know that the day Bob Miller ran third and was beaten by the once annual winner, Gov. Bates, that he was stiff and was not intended to win, because he was a 1 to 2 chance or a big favorite.

Martin Snee, of Haverhill, Mass., was given a benefit at that place the evening of March 28. There were about 1,600 people present at the Globe Rink. Six hundred dollars was netted by the beneficiary. Jack McAliff and Snee boxed 4 rounds for the wind-up. It was a friendly go, and ended in a draw.

"Young" Badger of Quincy, formerly of Fall River, faced Griffin of Braintree in a bare at North Weymouth, Mass., on the 28th, under "Police Gazette" rules, in the presence of a mass of sporting men, and fought four rounds for the feather-weight championship of Norfolk county. Griffin, who had been getting the worst from the start, could not respond at the call of time for the fifth round, and the fight was given to Badger. Both men are under 20, and weigh in the neighborhood of 125 pounds each. They fought with kid gloves.

Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, middle-weight pugilist, has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., to meet John P. Southerton, his backer and manager. After a rest of a few weeks at the Springs the two will make a tour of the Southwest, where Southerton has arranged a number of glove contests for Carroll. Under Southerton's management, about one year ago, Carroll fought and defeated Joe Graves, the heavy-weight champion of the West Indies, the Blackman of Panama, and Dave Murphy, of Canada. He has since defeated Dick Collier in a hard glove fight to a finish, and on Friday last, March 25, he beat Jack Brady, of San Francisco, in 8 rounds, with hard gloves in private on Long Island.

Our Post-Office-Letters for the following parties will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed: Chas. M. Anderson (6), Phil. Bruback, Jas. Brady (3), Doc. Bagg, John Boylan, F. Barnett, John Blakely, Monte T. Bentley, James Burns, Thomas Bennett, James Carby (3), J. D. Cannon, Samuel Colyer, Theo. Carey, Mr. Chomah, Young Cannon, Frank Densel, M. Douglass, Wm. Daly, Theo. Dobbin, Peter Duryea, Ed. Decker, Paddy Duffy, Patrick Knight, Boxer F. Evans, John Edwards, Chris Fisher, John Flynn, Charles H. Freeman, A. M. Frey, Geo. W. Foster, Ed. Gates (2), Capt. F. E. Hallock, W. H. Hushellson, Patsy Hogan, Tom Hussey, Frank Hart (3), William Hearnshaw, F. Hartnett, Ed. James (2), Dan Kane (3), M. K. Kittelson, Theo. King (3), And. P. Klipp (3), J. A. Lightfoot (3), Harry E. C. Kerk, Samuel H. Miller, Ed. McDonald, Wm. F. Murphy (3), John C. McGee, Patsy Murphy, Barney McGuire, G. J. Montgomery, Prof. W. M. C. McCallan, Joseph A. Montefiore, Con. Morrill, Capt. N. Mahon, Alfred Oakley (3), Mr. Patterson (3), William Patterson, Mich. P. Plann, William Quinn, Billy Redmond, Johnson Roberts, Felix Bay, W. W. Rutledge, John Roeman (3), Capt. W. B. Sherridan, Jas. L. Sullivan, Mr. Simpson, Michael Smyly, Miss. St. Quentin, Wm. Soudan, Miss May Tobin (3), Capt. Manuel C. Thomas, Tom Tuck, John Teemer, Dan'l. Wadsworth, Tom Ward, Prof. Harry Wray, E. Yarwood, W. G. George, Patsy Duffy.

The American Trotting Association, an organization similar to the National Trotting Association, but entirely independent of it, is now a fact, and comes before the public dressed in a garb that must prove acceptable. The needed reforms that could not be secured in the National are embodied in its Rules and By-Laws, and men have been placed in the office who will see to it that the will of the reformers is faithfully carried out. Sixty-six associations are the charter members, and we believe a hundred more will join the association before the Fourth of July. Every officer elected is a representative Western man, yet it is certain that a majority of the Eastern associations will desert the old for the new organization in the near future. The president elect is Hon. William B. Merriam, of St. Paul, Minn., who though a young man is Speaker of the House of Representatives of Minnesota, Vice-President of the State Board of Agriculture and President of the Merchants' National Bank of Minneapolis. The vice-president is Judge D. C. Beaman, of Ottumwa, Iowa, attorney of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. The secretary is John H. Suter, who for many years controlled a railroad office in Indianapolis, but has recently resided in Philadelphia, and occupied the position of General Agent for the Erie Railway. There will be no fall business in the conduct of his office—no complaints of lack of courtesy or promptness and square dealing in the discharge of his duties. The Directors of the new association are W. F. James, of Terre Haute, Ind.; C. W. Cottrell, Milwaukee, Wis.; Rufus W. Gillett, Detroit, Mich.; H. G. Toler, Wichita, Kansas; and R. C. Lester, St. Paul, Minn. A better selection could not possibly have been made—every one of them are men of the highest standing morally, socially and financially, and noted for first-class business capacity.

The Arrow, which the Mayflower is going to try to beat in English waters, is an old type of cutter yacht, and is quite a different looking cutter from those of to-day. She has a very full midship section, with exceedingly large displacement, and is full and barrel-like in her bilge. In England she has the name of admirers that the schooner yacht America has this side of the Atlantic, and there are plenty of men to-day who argue that she can outstrip the Ilex or any other cutter of her class. Expert yachtsmen in England do not hold these views, as they believe that nothing short of being built over again will increase her speed enough to make her keep up with the fast cutters like the Ilex, Margerie, Galatea or Genesta. Whatever may be said of her sailing qualities, yachtsmen generally will approve the conduct of her owner, for he indicates in his letter that he is willing to make the only a challenge cup for the benefit of naval architecture and yachting. The cutter Arrow measures 81 feet 4 inches waterline, 18 feet 4 inches extreme beam and 11 feet 6 inches extreme draught. She was built by the late Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne in 1825 and was altered in 1873. She has a tonnage of 112 tons. According to the measurements of the English Yacht Racing Association her length is 73.24 feet. In regard to the trip of the Mayflower to England this summer, Mr. Burgess stated the other day that the Mayflower would sail, not only for the Queen's cup against the cutter Arrow, but would also race for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups, which were won by the Genesta in 1898. According to this it is evident that the designer of the Mayflower in his visit to England is going to have a try at nearly everything that is offered. By the sailing rules for the Queen's cup in recent years the course has been from a mark-boat off of Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng.; thence east 23 miles to the Nautilus; thence due west 25 miles to a mark-boat off of Lymington, Eng. (near Southampton), thence to place of starting, 13 miles. This course is a flat, triangular one, and is about 50 miles long. As the Arrow won the cup on the course around the Isle of Wight, it is probable that this will be the course decided on for the two races between her and the Mayflower.

Jack Ryan, of the Bradford Boat Club, and Frank Vessey, formerly known as a pedestrian fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$150 at Boston on March 21. Vessey was seconded by Dan Gill, and James Graham, of Cambridge, officiated in the same capacity for Ryan. Both men were in fair condition. Ryan's weight being placed at about 165, while Vessey men have weighed fully ten pounds more. In the first round the men sparred for nearly a minute for an opening, when finally Vessey led, falling short. Then Ryan commenced to spar for Vessey's head and landed several easy ones on his neck and planned his left on his opponent's nose, bringing the claret. The round was a very tight one, as were also the second and third. Neither of the men were clever, but it could be seen that Ryan was getting a little the best of it. In the fourth round Ryan's tactics were to wind his man, for he kept punching away at the latter's lower ribs with his right whenever opportunity offered, and once in awhile gently pushed his left into Vessey's face. Vessey got in several blows, but none of them seemed to do any damage, and the round ended with Vessey sitting on the floor, having been thrown there by the recoil of one of his own blows. Both men came up sniffling for the fifth round, neither having a scratch. Ryan then resumed his punching on Vessey's stomach, and after about a minute of very tame work Vessey went over to his corner refusing to fight. He said that he was tired of it. The match was awarded to Ryan. Two gentlemen of color then took the center. They were Ed. Finney and Lew Jones, who have met before at the Early Athletic Club. Binney is a much smaller man than Jones, but is as hard as a rock, and quite clever. Three rattling rounds were fought, which were loudly applauded by the spectators. Binney had a little the best of it. Then came Paddy Duffy, the Boston light-weight, and L. Wetzel Brown, of Lewiston, Me., who is at present on a visit to Councilman Mahoney. Both of these men are clever sparers and sparred three very creditable rounds, in which Vessey was very

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

It has ever been the opinion of the scientific that boxing is a combat depending more on strength than the sword; but art will yet bear down the beam against it.

A less degree of art will tell far more than a considerably greater quantity of strength. The latter is undoubtedly what the boxer should set out with, but without art he will not succeed. The deficiency of strength may be greatly supplied with art; but the want of the latter will have but heavy and unwieldy success from strength.

The power or strength of man, it appears, chiefly consists in the power of his muscles, and that power is greatly increased by art.

The muscles are as springs and levers which execute the different motions of the body, but by art and science a man may give additional force to them.

The nearer a pugilist brings his body to the centre of gravity the truer line of direction will his muscles act in, and consequently with more resisting force.

If a man designs to strike a hard blow let him shut his fist as firm as possible; the power of his arm will then be considerably greater than if he slightly closed, and the velocity of the blow greatly augmented by it.

The muscles which give this additional force to the arm in shutting the fist are the flexors of the fingers, and the extensors are the opposite muscles, as they open or expand the same; yet in striking or using any violent efforts with your hands, these different orders of the muscles contribute to the same action.

Thus it will appear that when you close the fist of your left arm and slap your right hand upon that arm, you will plainly feel all the muscles have a reciprocal swelling.

Hence it follows that muscles by nature designed for different offices mutually depend upon each other in great others and physical strains.

This consideration will be of much importance and a great advantage, in that artificial force in fighting which boasts much superior strength where art is wanting.

The position of the body in a glove contest or prize ring encounter is of the greatest consequence.

The centre of gravity should be well considered, for by that weight of the body, justly suspended and the true equilibrium preserved, the body stands much the firmer against opposing resistance.

This depends upon the proper distance between the legs, which is the first regard a boxer ought to have, or all his many attempts will prove abortive.

In order to form the true position, the left leg must be presented some reasonable distance before the right, which brings the left side towards the adversary. This right-handed man ought to do—that, after having stopped the blow with his left arm, which is a kind of buckler to him, he may have the same readiness and greater power of stepping in with his right hand's returning blow.

In this posture he will reserve an easy flexion in the left knee that he retreats and advances may be the quickest. By this proper flexion his body is brought so far forward as to have a just inclination over the left thigh, inasmuch that his feet make a perpendicular or straight line with the left knee, while the right leg and thigh in a slanting line strongly props up the whole body as does a large beam on an old wall.

The body by this means is supported against all violent efforts, and the additional strength acquired by this equilibrium is greatly to the purpose. By this disposed attitude the body will gently incline forward with a slanting direction, so that the boxer will find from the outside of the right ankle all the way to the shoulder a straight line of direction somewhat inclining or slanting upward, which inclination is the strongest position a man can contrive, and it is such as generally used in forcing doors, resisting strength or pushing forward any weight with violence, for the muscles of the left side, which bend the body gently forward, bring over the left thigh the gravitating part, which by this contrivance augments the force, whereas, if it was held erect or upright, an indifferent blow on the head or breast would overthrow it.

I think the following valuable hints on boxing will be found useful. In facing an opponent always keep your eyes wide open.

Abstain from biting your lips or putting your tongue between your teeth.

Always keep your mouth firmly closed, for the slightest blow on the lower jaw when it is hanging loose will be remembered for long afterwards, while a severe blow will dislocate it.

In sparring, the pugilist should allow all the muscles to work loosely and easily as possible.

Always lift the feet and do not let them drag. Plainly plant the left foot on the ground, and keep the right firmly down to the ground, but be ready to make a retrograde movement when in danger.

Always in boxing round an adversary, keep the left foot well in front, but after delivering the blow work to your right in order to avoid and keep out of the reach of your opponent's right hand.

Wrestling, it must be understood, is not permitted in boxing. Hitting or striking below the belt, or what is called below the mark, is foul.

In all sparring contests avoid close quarters with a man your superior in weight.

Out-fighting will naturally neutralize weight, but in close quarters or in-fighting the latter must always tell.

In-fighting means half-arm hitting with both arms, when close to an antagonist.

If a boxer or pugilist indulges in in-fighting he must rely upon his quickness of hitting, and cannot pay much attention to guarding. Out-fighting means long arm hitting and guarding, and includes maneuvering for a hit, coupled with a readiness to guard.

I have seen females who could accomplish wonderful feats on the trapeze, running, walking, boxing and in the equestrian line; but Jaguarine, the Amazonian Queen of the Sword, now under the management of Fred. J. Englehardt, is one of the acrobatic sensations of this era.

She is a typical Spanish beauty, with large black eyes, set far apart in an oval face is a Beatrice Cenci. She has a delicately-carved Roman nose, full expressive lips, a well-molded head and tapering form indicating strength and agility.

She received these present dresses in a jacket of leather which concealed the upper portion of her body but her

limbs, clothed in dark-red tights, tipped with a scarf of reddish-colored material, appeared to the best advantage. She weighs 160 pounds, although but about 5 feet 6 inches in height; but she is exquisitely proportioned.

Jaguarine, mounted on her charger in the arena, looks like the descendant of one of the old knights who six centuries ago rode roughshod over Europe, and made and unmade kings. Her charger, too, looks as if he had just come out of one of the pictures which represent the Crusaders and the Knights of the Round Table or St. John of Malta.

I see she has been dubbed the "Champion Mistress of the Horse and Sword." "The Undeatable Queen of Modern Amazons." "A Woman of the order of Joan d'Arc." I have styled her "The Amazonian Queen of the Sword and Buckler."

Among the most noted experts whom Jaguarine has met, with flashing steel in hand, may be mentioned the famed Sword Prince, Col. Thomas H. Monstery; Capt. Charles Englebrecht, the Danish champion, decorated by the King of Denmark; Antoine de Lisle, Monia le Gauge, Charles LeGuide, August Schmidt, Xavier Orloffsky, etc., etc.

Among her triumphs may be noted her victory over Captain J. H. Marshall, in a mounted sword combat at Woodward's Gardens, July 4th, 1886, and last, but by no means least, her victory over Sergeant Owen Davis, of the Second United States Cavalry, who enjoys the distinction of being the champion of the United States Army. This grand event was decided at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 8, 1887, the result being 11 points for Jaguarine, against 7 for Davis.

Her victory Feb. 23 capped the climax, for she conquered her expert opponent in a style that proves beyond all contradiction that she is the Amazonian Queen of the Sword and Buckler.

Signs that livelier times may be expected in the world of speculation on future events, while the work done by the leading candidates for the fast-approaching spring events will also now assume greater importance than during the broken periods of frost, snow, rain and cold winds with which trainers have for the most part had to contend.

Weight of money, of course, must be accepted as proof that a horse is fancied in the right quarters. At the same time there are horses that do not belong to owners or stables that bet heavily, but whose chances at 40 to 1 are just as great as those at a fourth the odds.

The great things to be satisfied about are, first of all, the well being of a horse, then his best form and chance at the weights and the certainty of a run for the money. These are, of course, every day's to be positive on such important points.

As a matter of fact, it would be impossible for any one to lay down the law to these heads without fear of their prophetic becoming false.

Against this recommendation of caution may be advanced the old adage that "Faint heart never won fair lady," and opposed to that again the saying that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and so on.

Leaving out all these pros and cons, the situation will be met for the present if I allude to the most recent doings and to certain points in connection with the popular Suburban.

I must commend the zeal, courage and enterprise of the New Jersey Legislature in knocking out the over zealous cranks who are continually plotting and planning against the sporting class of the community and trying to have laws passed to prevent them from speculating on the turf.

One of the latest moves of these fanatics was to try and stop owners of racing stock and those who follow the turf from betting or investing their money on the numerous races, and in a measure they succeeded, but now they have met with a check. For at Trenton, N. J., on March 23, the Monmouth Park pool bill was passed by the Senate by a vote of 12 to 8.

All that now remains is for the Governor to sign the bill and then the turf will grow and increase and be liberally patronized in Jersey.

After the bill passed the Senate Senator Chattle, of Monmouth, said: "I desire to congratulate the State of New Jersey on being the first in the country to pass a bill legalizing gambling."

Senator Griggs, of Passaic, smiling, replied: The Senator ought to have made his speech before the bill passed."

Senator Cranmer, of Ocean, introduced a bill which prohibits racing on any association grounds in the State for longer than twenty-four days each year under penalty of forfeiture of all rights and privileges. It also provides that a tax of five per cent. on gross receipts for admission to grounds be paid annually to the State treasurer, provided that the sum thus paid is not less than \$4,000 a year, except in the case of trotting associations.

If the Governor signs the bill any one can sell pools in the State of New Jersey, and if they are arrested they cannot be imprisoned.

There is nothing but Jim Smith in the English sporting papers, and what he will do and will not do, and what a great pugilist, etc., etc.

If one is to rate Smith's standing as a champion by his battle with Alf Greenfield just thirteen months ago, then he must be a poor sample, and not the concentrated essence of all the best pugilists from Jack Broughton down.

Fancy Greenfield standing before Tom Sayers, Tom King, Jim Macoe, Ned O'Baldwin, Joe Wormald and Tom Allen for the best part of an hour. Why any one of them could, according to London prize ring rules, have taken Greenfield up and squeezed the life out of him or knocked him senseless.

Smith should have made short work of Greenfield if he is what he claims, the champion of English champions.

Greenfield is a comparatively little man, properly trained, and weighed 154 pounds the day he met Smith, while the latter was just twenty-three years of age and weighed 162 pounds with thirteen years the advantage in age and 28 pounds the advantage in weight.

Smith, if he is the "concentrated essence of all the best pugilists England ever produced," should have won and in a gallop.

I understand the match between Harry Wilkes, 2:14½, and the sensational Oliver K., 2:16½, is announced to take place at the Bay District Park, San Francisco, on April 2.

The champions have now met twice. At Washington Park, on October 3, 1886, when Harry Wilkes won in straight heats, in 2:16½, 2:17½ and 2:18½. Belle F. also trotted, but was third in each heat.

At St. Louis, on October 9, when Oliver K. won in straight heats in 2:17¾, 2:18½ and 2:17. With Harry Wilkes second, Arab third, Charlie Hilton fourth and Phyllis last.

Both horses were sent to California to winter, but while Oliver K. was immediately turned out, his nimble little rival picked up a \$3,000 plum at the Bay District track on November 27, defeating Jay Wilkes, Antevolo, Charlie Hilton and Arab, taking the first, second and fourth heats in 2:15½, 2:16½ and 2:15. Gay Wilkes winning the third heat in 2:16½. Both animals are said to have wintered well, and both sides are confident of victory.

Jake Kilrain, who now stands next to Sullivan as the champion heavy-weight of the country, intends to return to Baltimore to resume the management of the Baltimore Cribb Club next week, but at yet the day on which he will leave the Hub has not been decided upon.

LATEST SPORTING.

At the Clifton, N. J., races on March 31 Terrapin, a 15 to 1 shot, won.

Mervine Thompson and Jake Kilrain are to box at Baltimore in April.

James Gibbons, the middle-weight champion boxer of New Jersey, has opened the Abbey sporting saloon, 7 Cross street, Paterson.

Bobby Caruthers on March 23 signed to play with the St. Louis Browns the coming season. It is understood that he is to receive \$2,000.

The dates of the two shooting matches between John L. Brewer and Wm. Graham, the English wing shot, have been changed to March 31, at Jersey City Heights, and April 7, at Point Breese Park. Each match is for \$200 a side, at fifty live pigeons.

On March 21 W. Grace and S. Burns had a wrestling bout, best two out of three falls, at Denenbacher's Corners, N. Y. During the second bout, while each man was doing his utmost to throw the other, they fell off the bulkhead into the creek. The men were fished out.

At Wilmington, Del., on March 20, Frank Bosworth, champion middle-weight of New England, and Joe Hanly, champion feather-weight of Wilmington, had a joint benefit. Bosworth met Pete McCoy, and Hanly met Jack Hannigan. Bosworth was in fine condition.

There will probably soon be another rowing association formed, on strictly amateur principles, as a good deal of dissatisfaction exists at present. The new organization will, if formed, be styled the International Amateur Rowing Association, and in all likelihood will adopt the Henley definitions.

The Richmond Stable has entered Scalper, by War Dance—Ella Breckenridge, in the Hester Skelter, Trouble and North American stephens, at Saratoga. He will likely start at the May Meeting of the O. J. C., and if he stands his work he is likely to prove a hard nut to crack in any company.

The English critics are getting sweet on George Buear since he defeated Perkins. From all accounts he is showing great form, and it is now claimed for him that he is the best earner the Old Country has produced during the last few years. There appears to be a possibility of his being sent to Australia to tackle Bosch.

Watson Ryne, Eureka B. C.; H. C. Remmel, Triton B. C.; Henry Bhole, Institute B. C.; Edward Hasebuhl, Pasaden B. C.; Edward Cendell, Excelsior B. C., and Frank H. Glaze, Myrtle B. C., who compose the committee appointed to arrange for the Pacific regatta of July 11, much will be the best display of talent ever gotten up.

Lem McGregor, better known as the St. Joe Kid, a famous Western pugilist, was in this city on March 22. He called at this office and left the following: "I am ready and willing to fight any 150-pound man in the world for \$500 to \$1,000 a side, winner to take the entire gate money, six weeks from signing articles; first come, first served."

Walter Lewis, formerly well known as the twenty-five and fifty mile champion walker of England, has arrived in Boston. Lewis is making a pleasure tour of the United States. Among the celebrated walkers which Lewis had walked were two fifty-mile races with Hancock, in the first of which he was victorious and the latter he was the loser, and a match which he was beating Vaughn.

Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, issues a challenge to fight the winner of the Paddy Smith and Jimmy Mitchell prize fight for \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the light-weight championship. Richard K. Fox, the donor of the belt, having received the following dispatch on March 22: "Paddy Smith and Jimmy Mitchell fight for \$1,000, the 'Police Gazette' belt and the light-weight championship on March 29, and the battle comes off satisfactorily. I hereby challenge the winner to fight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, according to the rules governing the trophy. This challenge, I claim, should be given priority of all others."

Albert Heuser, a dapper young man, who sported on his scarf a huge horseshoe and with rubies, was arraigned at Special Sessions in this city on March 23 on complaint of Detective Louis McCord. At 1110 Third avenue, on March 6, he sold to the detective a pool ticket on the horse Favor, which was entered at the New Orleans races. Mr. A. H. Hummel raised the point that the complaint on which Heuser was arraigned contained no legal charge, it merely setting forth that Heuser "did unlawfully sell and vend the pool ticket which the officer bought." The Penal Code, while making it a crime for any person "to record or register bets or wagers, or who sells pools upon the result of any trial or contest of skill, speed or power of endurance," does not make it an offense to sell or vend a ticket. On this point Heuser was discharged.

There are thirteen baseball organizations now under the national agreement, namely, the National League, American Association, International League, Northwestern League, Western League, Southern League, Eastern League, Hudson River League, New England League, Pennsylvania Association, Colorado League, Michigan State League and the Ohio League. The average membership of these organizations is seven clubs each or a total of ninety-one. Each of these ninety-one clubs will average no less than fourteen men, making 1,274 players in all. Now, it will be no exaggeration to say that the average pay of these men will be \$1,800, thus giving a grand total of \$2,293,200 for players only. To fit up the grounds for these ninety-one clubs \$1,000,000 more has to be expended. Then we have to look after the ground rent, traveling, hotel and sundry expenses, which, on the whole, will average \$10,000 for each club, or \$910,000. We then have these figures:

Salaries.....	\$2,293,200
Grounds.....	1,000,000
Rents and other expenses.....	910,000
Total.....	\$4,203,200

These figures do not include the thousand and one clubs all over the country which do not belong to any organization.

The Lincolnshire Handicap was run on March 23, and Mr. Manton's (the Duchess of Montrose) Oberon won. Renny was second and Isobar third. Summary: The Lincolnshire handicap of 1,000 sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovereigns each, 10 forfeit unless declared, for three-year-olds and upwards; the winner of any handicap after the weights are published, January 26, at 10 a. m., to carry 5 pounds; or two, or one value 200 sovereigns, 10 pounds extra; the second to receive 50 sovereigns out of the stakes; entrance 5 guineas, the only liability if forfeit be declared; one mile; 68 subscribers, 22 of whom declared forfeit.

Mr. Manton's b. c. Oberon (4), by Galopin—Wheel of Fortune, 108 pounds..... 3
B. Crest's b. B. Renny (5), by Castletown—Harriet Lava, 94 pounds..... 2
Lord Bradford's b. Isobar (5), by Isomony—Remorse, 113 pounds..... 2
Setting was 50 to 1 against the winner, 14 to 1 against Renny and 12 to 1 Isobar. Fulmen and Fullerton have been almost equal favorites, starting at 15 to one each and going down to 5 and 6 to 1 by the pressure of the public money.

There is a controversy going on between Lillian Smith, of San Francisco, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, "Mavis the Rifle Queen," and Miss Annie Oakley, the mistress with the rifle. Recently we published a challenge from Miss Annie Oakley, in which she offered to compete against any female rifle shot in the world. We also received a communication from Lillian Smith, wherein she offered to compete with the rifle against any other female. On March 24 we had a call from W. B. Kennedy, who left the following:

To The Sporting Editor:
DEAR SIR—In your last issue I see you speak of a challenge from Miss Annie Oakley to a rifle match with any lady rifle shot, and state further that the same is "a shot at the Kennedys, or the lady shot from Mexico now with this city." Now, I am not aware that any such challenge has been issued by Miss Oakley, and would like to be informed where and when the same has been published, or if Miss Oakley is responsible for the article referred to in your last issue. I wish to state that I am now convalescing from a broken shoulder and crushed ribs received in the Missouri Pacific wreck at Dunbar, Neb., Jan. 13, 1887, and am not in condition to shoot a match at present. If such challenge as referred to has been issued "as a shot" to me, I will give it the proper attention which it deserves, and will shoot a match to defend my right to the title which I claim as soon as my physician will allow me.
Mrs. W. B. Kennedy.
Otherwise "Mavis, the Rifle Queen."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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D. M., Boston.—No.
B. E. Chicago Ill.—No.
J. D. H., Baltimore.—Yes.
Williams, Colusa County, Cal.—You are correct.
W. H. Loomister, Mass.—Send for "The American Athlete."
D. M., New York City.—A love. Billy Edwards' height is 5 feet 4½ inches.
L. A. M., Syracuse.—Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, stood 6 feet 5½ inches in height.
B. A., Bridgeport, Conn.—Geo. Washington was elected President of the United States on Feb. 1, 1789.
W. S. B., Holyoke, Mass.—Joe Cass weighed 140 pounds when he fought Sam Mace the first time. Mace weighed 140 pounds.
H. T., Beacon, Iowa.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all records and prize ring and turf statistics.
A. K., Foughtkeepsie, N. Y.—Johnny Roberts was defeated in three rounds, lasting 47 minutes, by Johnny Mackay, on June 23, 1887.
D. J., Seymour, Ind.—Wm. B. Curtis, of New York, with harness, has lifted 3,500 pounds. Ambrose Butts, of Ashburn, N. Y., 2,737½.
J. M., Harrisburg.—Tom Grib was born at Hanham, Eng., in 1781. He stood 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighed 195 pounds.
Berk Tappan, Salem, Mass.—We have not the pedigree of the dog and do not know Lloyd's address. A letter to this office would reach him.
S. T., Leavenworth, Kan.—I. Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819, and succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837. 2. No. 1. She was crowned June 28, 1838.
D. C., Amherst.—L. No. 2. The best college record for pole vaulting is 5 feet 6 inches, made by E. B. Leavitt, of Harvard College, at Cambridge, Mass., March 12, 1887.
A. W., Boston, Mass.—Geo. Littlewood walked 551 miles in 133 hours 49 minutes 5 seconds in the six-day foot-and-a-half walking match at Sheffield, Eng., on March 7 to 11, 1882.
E. W., Indiana.—I. Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship on May 25, 1871. 2. Billy O'Reilly was stabbed by Chas. Hurt at Virginia City on July 1, 1874. 3. He stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height.
D. E., Portsmouth, N. H.—I. The six-day race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the championship of the world, now held by Robert Vint, will be held at Chicago. 2. Write to Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago; he will have the management of the race.
D. M., Boston.—The six-day race (12 hours a day), at Boston, Pa., March 19, 1887, was won by George D. Norcross. The score was: Norcross, 415 miles 6 faps; Vint, 114; Stroket, 854; Hegginson, 329; Taylor, 181; Golden, 260; Newhart, 287; S. Day, 351; Nolan, 371; Tilly, 367. Hegginson left the track at 8 o'clock.
D. J., Lakeland, Ky.—The best amateur foot-and-a-half walking record for eight, nine and ten miles is—eight miles, 1 hour 3 minutes 41 seconds; nine miles, 1 hour 11 minutes 44 seconds; ten miles, 1 hour 19 minutes 50 seconds. Made by C. W. V. Clarke on the Richmond Club grounds, London, Eng., March 5, 1887.
J. H., Baltimore.—Leonatus was the best 3-year-old of his racing season, having never met defeat as a 3-year-old. Ten valuable races are to his credit, the Blue Ribbon, 1½ miles, at Lexington, Ky., in 2:30½, by ten lengths; Kentucky Derby, at Louisville, Ky., 1¼ miles, on a heavy track, by three lengths, with the greatest ease, in 2:28. Topocastakes, same place, mile heats, in 1:46½, 1:47½, with great ease, carrying a 5-pound penalty. Same place, Woodburn stakes, 1¼ miles, in a gallop by three lengths, in 2:00½, carrying a 7-pound penalty. At Covington, Ky., won the Hindoo stakes, 1¼ miles, with ease by a length and a half, in 2:00½. Same place, the Ripple stakes, 1¼ miles, in a canter by two lengths, in 2:00½, track deep in mud. Same place, the Hilyar stakes, mile and three furlongs, easily by two lengths, in 2:27½, carrying 5 pounds extra, track heavy. At Chicago, Ill., he won three stakes, the Dearborn, 1¼ miles, in 1:58, won easy by a length, and the Illinois Derby, 1¼ miles, in 2:31, with great ease, track heavy.
D. W., San Francisco.—Alf Greenfield was born at Northampton in 1853, he stands 5 feet 8½ inches, and weighs, when in condition, 11 stone 8 pounds. His first battle was with Pat Perry, of Birmingham, who was considered at that time almost invincible at his weight. The fight took place on a Sunday morning at the Beggar's Bush, near Birmingham. The battle was stubbornly contested for 35 minutes, when one of Greenfield's backers gave in for him, much against Alf's will. He next met and defeated Sam Brown, of Birmingham, for £20. This contest took place on Good Friday, 1878, at Farnworth, and lasted 1 hour. His next opponent was the late Joe Highland, of Birmingham. The battle ground was Fackington, and the fight was pronounced by all present to be one of the best ever seen in the Midlands for years. Both men were severely punished, but Greenfield obtained the verdict after fighting for 1 hour and a quarter. This battle took place at the latter end of 1878. His next engagement was with Denny Harrington, of London. It was conducted under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and the stake at issue was £100. This was a capital contest, and after the men had been contending for 1 hour and 20 minutes, Greenfield had decidedly the best of the fight, when a claim for foul by Harrington's supporters was sustained. Greenfield afterwards fought Jim Highland under the same rules, for £100. This came off in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and Alf was declared the winner. Greenfield was next pitted against Jim Stewart, of Glasgow, for £100. This was also governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and although the Birmingham man had the misfortune to break his right arm, in the early part of the battle, he stuck gamely to his man, and defeated him after they had been fighting for one hour and two minutes. His last appearance in the ring was with Tag Wilson, of Leicester, and it was conducted under the London prize rules. They fought for a purse, and here again Alf had the misfortune to break his arm, and after the pair had been in the ring one hour twenty minutes, during which time twenty-eight sharply-contested rounds were got through, it was declared a draw. This battle took place in Kent. In addition to the above fights, Greenfield has received forfeits from the following men: Vaughan, Pat Perry, Teddy Cordwell (all of Birmingham), Stewart (of Glasgow), George Cooke (of New York, late of Birmingham) and Denny Harrington (of London), and also won a championship belt given by Sam Mace, defeating Burke in the final bout. Greenfield sailed for America Oct. 25, 1884, in the Oregon (Cunard line), where he was first of all pitted against John L. Sullivan. They met at Boston, Mass., on Jan. 13, 1885, to spar the best of four three-minute rounds; with gloves, and Sullivan was at similar exhibitions awarded the palm. On February 27, 1885, Greenfield and George Fryer of Nottingham (ex-amateur English heavy-weight champion) tried conclusions with gloves, the best of four rounds, at Philadelphia (the City of Brotherly Love), and the Judge's decision was a draw; on March 2 following Greenfield met Jack Burke in a five round contest for a percentage of the receipts. This came off at Chicago, Illinois, and Burke was declared the winner. Another match to box with gloves, for the gate money, the best of seven rounds, was made between the pair, which was decided at Chicago on March 23. This was declared a draw. Soon afterward Greenfield returned to England, and it was thought that he had retired from the ring, but the big boom in pugilistic circles that followed Smith's hollow victory over Jim Macoe's protegee, Jack Davis, caused Greenfield's supporters to rally together, and he was induced once more to go into training with a view of making an attempt to lower the colors of the "upstart," who, by a series of victories, aspired to the English championship. Fought 13 rounds with Jim Smith for £300 and bet of £1,000 at Malvern Lodge, France, Feb. 18, 1886. Ring broken in and battle declared a draw.



THROUGH THE HEART.

TAYLOR PHILLIPS, A RESPECTABLE PLANTER OF ASHEVILLE, N. C., KILLS A DESPERATE NIGGER IN SELF-DEFENCE.



PUGILISTIC SISTERS.

THEY FIGHT OUT A QUESTION OF PROPERTY IN A PARLOR AT ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.



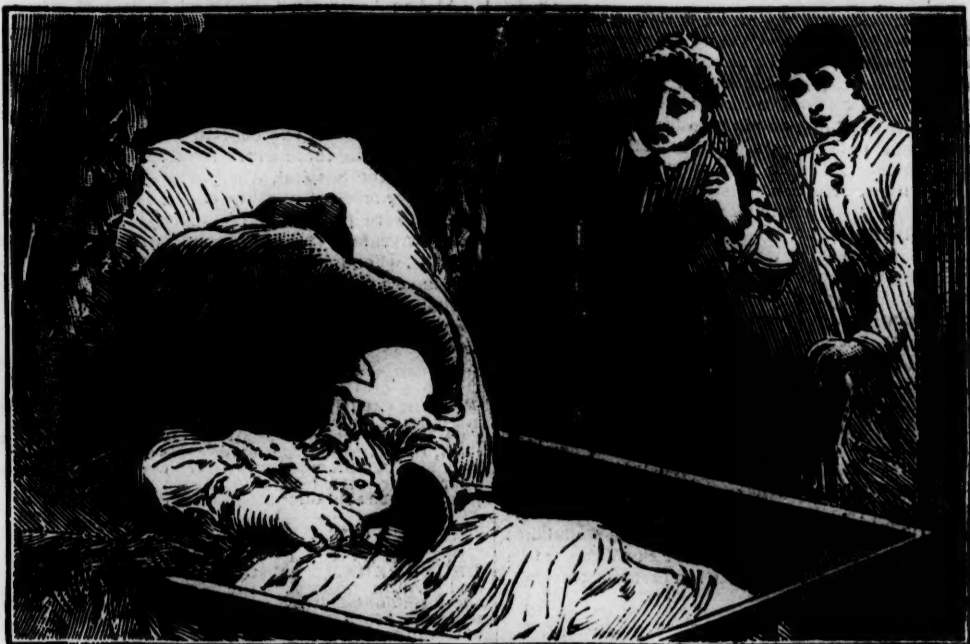
QUEERED BY A HACKSIDENT.

HOW A PROSPECTIVE ENGAGEMENT OF MARRIAGE WAS BROKEN OFF BY AN UNTOWARD CASUALTY.



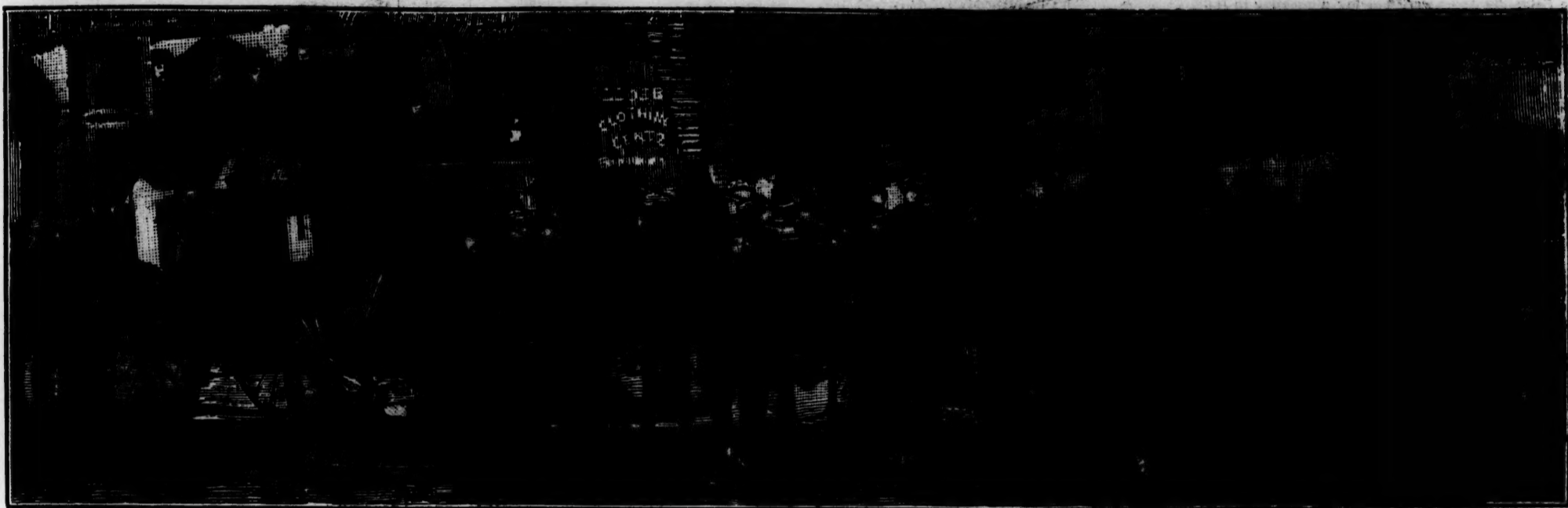
MASKED HIGHWAYMEN.

THEY MAKE UP A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY FOR MR. HARVEY WISE, WHO OUTWITS THEM, NEAR MILLVALE, PA.



BARNUM'S BIG CHANCE.

THE EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE TO WHICH MRS. KRETSCHNER OF BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH.



ITS LAST TRIP.

THE FINAL STARTING OF THE BLACK HILLS MAIL AND PASSENGER COACH FROM CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY.



STILL ANOTHER.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS ARE ENTICED AWAY FROM ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, TO A DEN AT CROOKSTON.



IT WAS THE RIGHT CROWD.

HOW HIRAM BOWMAN, OF WINCHESTER, OHIO, DISCOVERED WHO IT WAS WHO WAS WORKING HIS WOODPILE.

Liquors of all kinds made at the
50c. DRAVER M. Plainfield



SHOT IN A COURT ROOM.

DR. G. W. RANDALL IS PROMPTLY KILLED BY THE BROTHER OF HIS CHILD VICTIM AT HASTINGS, NEBRASKA.



ANOTHER ROAST.

TWELVE MINERS ARE BURNED TO DEATH IN THEIR BOARDING HOUSE AT BESSEMER, MICHIGAN.